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MARK HANNA

A SKETCH FROM LIFE AND OTHER ESSAYS

By

SOLON LAUER,

AUTHOR OF

Life and Light from Above,

Social Laws, Etc.

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TO MY JOE (*HE* KNOWS), WHO BELIEVED IN ME WHEN OTHERS DOUBTED; WHOSE HEART AND BRAIN HAVE ANSWERED TO MY OWN, IN EVERY LOFTY THOUGHT OR SENTIMENT; WHOSE AID AND SYMPATHY WERE MINE WHEN FIRST I LAUNCHED MY LITTLE BARK UPON THE STORMY SEA OF LITERATURE; THIS VOLUME, WHICH I WISH WERE A MORE WORTHY TRIBUTE OF MY APPRECIATION AND AFFECTION, IS INSCRIBED.

A PREFATORY POSTSCRIPT.

As this volume goes to press, the whole country, nay, the whole world, is stirred to its profoundest depths of feeling, over the dastardly assassination of President McKinley.

This outrage is the legitimate outcome of the agitation which certain classes of demagogues have been carrying on for years. The generation and aggravation of class hatred, the wholesale denunciation of rich men, the persistent attacks and aggravation of class hatred, the wholesale charges of robbery and oppression continuously brought against large employers of labor, could not but end in violence, sooner or later.

That this fiendish act of Czolgosz was inspired by his long cherished hatred of rich men is evidenced by the assassin's own words. Czolgosz is one of a large and growing class who suffer from Plutophobia. He says: *"I hope he dies. I shot him because it was my duty. The man who succeeds him must not be the slave of capital, or he will perish, too."*

Emil Schilling, treasurer of an anarchist club in Cleveland, said to a reporter of the Leader:

"The man who shot the President knew that McKinley and his clique were taking millions from the men who produce the wealth. What could be more natural than that he should shoot him?"

Another individual is reported to have said that *Czolgosz ought to have shot Mark Hanna.*

Among certain classes in this country the hatred for Mark Hanna is so intense that it would not have been surprising had he been included in the plot against McKinley's life. The idea has been persistently inculcated by many papers that Mark Hanna was the actual President, and McKinley only his obedient and submissive servant. Expressions from anarchistic sympathizers in various quarters show too plainly that this poisonous seed, scattered by the hands of demagogues, has taken root among the enemies of government; and we may at any time expect to reap a further harvest of blood from these lusty but pernicious plants.

According to report, Emma Goldman, "the High Priestess of Anarchy," and the inspiring angel of assassin Czolgosz, uttered the following sentiments in Chicago:

"Mark Hanna has been the ruler of this country, not McKinley. McKinley has been the most insignificant ruler this country has ever had. He

has neither wit nor intelligence, but has been a tool in the hands of Mark Hanna."

That the assassination of McKinley alone is not sufficient to bring about the anarchist's dream of an earthly paradise is evidenced by her further remarks:

"I am not in a position to say who ought to be killed. The monopolists and the wealthy of this country are responsible for the existence of a Czolgosz."

According to these words, the blood of Mark Hanna, and of the wealthy business men whose class interests he is mistakenly supposed to champion, must be poured out in sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, before the masses can be free in this America. Is it surprising that the Government Secret Service men have thrown a guard around the person of Mr. Hanna? And must we furnish guards for Pierpont Morgan, Russell Sage, John D. Rockefeller, and their kind, to protect them from the weapons of red-eyed madmen like Czolgosz?

For years this hatred of our prosperous business men has been inculcated in the speeches and papers of socialists and anarchists. Several years ago, a revolutionary sheet published in Chicago contained the following:

"A LETTER TO TRAMPS."

"Stroll you down the avenues of the rich, and look through the magnificent plate windows into their voluptuous homes, and here you will discover the very identical robbers who have despoiled you and yours. Then let your tragedy be enacted here! Awaken them from their wanton sports at your expense. Send forth your petition, and let them read it by the red glare of destruction. Avail yourselves of those little methods of warfare which science has placed in the hands of the poor man, and you will become a power in this or any other land. Learn the use of explosives."

This fire of hatred against the prosperous and wealthy, whose enterprise has given employment and brought ever-increasing wealth to workingmen, is spreading far and wide. Its angry flames leap to the sky, and show us in their lurid light the forms of madmen arming for murder and destruction. The horrors of revolution are upon us, unless this devouring fire be quenched.

It is not enough that we shall quell the tumult of open riot whenever and wherever it arises. The fire that smoulders in secret may yet break forth and destroy the institutions of our nation.

In the dark cellars and the dusty lofts of cities these agents of revolution hold their secret councils, and plot against the lives and fortunes of the rich and powerful. There is no open plot, no visible organization; but this brotherhood of murderers exists, and carries on its bloody councils in the silence and the dark.

Its wrath is fed by all the demagogues, of whatever name, who cry against the rich and prosperous; who magnify the poverty and suffering of the poor, and lay the real and fancied wrongs of workingmen at the doors of those who are victorious in life's battle.

Thousands of workingmen fall a ready prey to demagogues, who come like wolves in sheep's clothing to breed strife and discontent in Labor's fold. They listen to the poisoned words of malice, and the words rankle in their hearts. It is but a step from discontent to violence.

Although thousands of workingmen know that Mark Hanna has ever been a friend to Labor, there are other thousands who have listened to the envenomed words of demagogues until they are convinced that Mark Hanna is their enemy and oppressor and that President McKinley was his meek and submissive slave. This sentiment grew and strengthened until it found a logical expression through the murderous hand of Czolgosz, extended in Judas-treachery to take McKinley's life.

The assassination of McKinley is of far more direful significance to the nation than was the assassination of either Lincoln or Garfield. The murder of Lincoln was the last convulsive effort of the expiring serpent of Secession, fixing its poisoned fangs in the flesh of him who had given it a fatal blow.

The killing of Garfield was the act of a madman, whose brain, naturally weak and unbalanced, had become inflamed by the hatred engendered in party strife. Dreadful as it was, the act had only a local and temporary significance, so far as its motive was concerned.

But the death-blow to McKinley was aimed at the wealth and prosperity of the nation. It was inspired by class hatred. It was insane Poverty striking blindly at the form of Wealth. It was the act of a Samson, in blind rage seeking to pull down the temple of national prosperity, whose fall should be his own destruction.

To the befogged brain of the anarchist Czolgosz, McKinley and his supporters represented the brutal hand of corporate Wealth, snatching from starving Labor the crust of meager opportunity which Unionism has thus far insured for its subsistence.

But it is not alone the anarchist who takes this dismal and distorted view of the present indus-

trial situation in America. Czolgosz has simply given expression in action to what has long been expressed in language and cartoon.

It is not enough for us to stamp out the anarchy of deed; we must also stamp out the anarchy of the printed and spoken word. It is not sufficient for us to imprison or hang the anarchist who resorts to force; we must suppress in every legitimate way the demagoguery which inspires him. It is of no use to brush away the web, and leave the spider which is weaving it.

Czolgosz struck a blow for liberty and equality, firmly believing that these great principles would be subserved by the assassination of McKinley and the intimidation of his supporters. The power of the demagogue is always a despotic power; and this act of Czolgosz, which expressed the spirit of demagoguery in its last and logical application, was one of the most striking examples of despotic power in the world's history. This point was so forcibly and eloquently brought out in an address given in Plymouth Church, Cleveland, by Mr. J. G. W. Cowles, a prominent business man of Cleveland and an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, that I am constrained to quote some of his words:

"Anarchy," he said, "which professes to aim its blows at despotism, is itself the worst of

despotism. When Czolgosz seized the pistol to shoot our President, he grasped at absolute and despotic power. Czolgosz already had the power of the ballot, the same power which every American citizen possesses. He was not satisfied with that.

Seven millions of American citizens by their suffrage made McKinley President. One man with his deadly pistol removed him from that office. One man reached forth his frenzied hand, and the destinies of a nation trembled in the balance. One man smote the nation's head, and the heart of the nation bled.

The Czar of Russia does not exercise such absolute and despotic power as this man usurped and wielded, in the sacred name of liberty. The worst despotism which the world has seen never equaled this of anarchy's apostle Czolgosz in this free land of ours.

Are we to tolerate this hideous form of despotism in our midst? Life and liberty are not inalienable where one man can seize and wield so absolute a power. This is a form of despotism which we must drive forever from our shores. Life and liberty are not secure, where anarchy is tolerated."

HANNA AND McKINLEY.

A friend of Mr. Hanna, who has known him for years, said to the writer: "Governor McKinley was fortunate in having Marcus A. Hanna for his personal friend and political adviser, and the manager of his campaigns; and Mr. Hanna was equally fortunate in his alliance with McKinley. It was a compact of power with popularity, which made both men greater and more successful, and more useful to the public. The personal affection and devotion of each to the other was honorable alike to both, and an example of the best qualities of friendship among men."

It is safe to say that no heart has been more cruelly hurt by the stroke that laid McKinley low than the big heart of his nearest and dearest political friend, Mark Hanna. This stroke has added several years to the burden of age, which already bore heavily upon Mr. Hanna's shoulders. Since the dreadful news of that black Friday, when the heart of the President began to fail, Mr. Hanna has been as one crushed by an irresistible power. His face is drawn, his shoulders droop, and he leans heavily upon his cane. His friend, for whom Mr. Hanna laid such a sacrifice of health and labor upon the altar of his country's welfare, is gone.

The strongest bond between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna was the tie of an enduring friendship. Next to this came the affinity of political sympathy. They believed in the same great principles. They clasped hands to work for the same broad ends.

The notion that Mr. Hanna dictated the political policy of the President can be entertained only by those who are not familiar with the character of the two men. They were one in an enduring friendship, whose foundations lay far deeper than the community of their political interests. They were one in their adherence to certain great principles which the Republican party represents. But far above the personal aims of either was the starry emblem of their country's welfare, which they ever kept in view.

There are ignorant and malicious minds who will see, in the death of President McKinley, the setting of Mr. Hanna's star of destiny: and in the unutterable grief that mantles him in gloom these will see chiefly the regret of a man disappointed of his political aspirations, and deprived of the chief means by which his own imperious will was executed.

Mr. Hanna has been universally known as the friend of President McKinley. Is it not possible that this intimate relation has somewhat ob-

scured the vision of his own character and attainments? My own belief is that the influence of Mr. Hanna in American politics has been chiefly due to his own qualities as a man. His strength, sagacity, political insight, his force of character, his qualities of leadership, his intimate acquaintance with the business interests of the country, must all be taken into account.

Mr. Hanna's friend is dead. Mr. Hanna's power of leadership and command remain. We shall now see whether this man's star is a sun, or merely a planet, reflecting the light of a Presidential orb. If my estimate of Mr. Hanna's character is correct, his star of destiny will not be darkened by this eclipse that has fallen upon the nation's chief.

This orb that rose above the smoke-stained city by the lake is not an errant comet, with menace in its train to all the people. It is not a planet, deriving its light from a Presidential Sun to whose system it was attached as a leading planet. It is a self-illumined Sun, a source of light and power; and though it may never shine from the President's chair at Washington, it will still illumine the councils of the nation, and lead its retinue of stars and planets along the track of the national zodiac.

Mr. Hanna, in other words, will not drop into

obscurity because of the loss of his friend, our President McKinley. Mr. Hanna, like all men of great natural power, intuitively knows his proper place. He has often ridiculed the idea of a presidential nomination for himself; but he knows his power as a leader of men, and will not abdicate it while life remains to him. In the councils of the nation his voice will still be heard; and because it is a calm, sane voice, the voice of a large experience, the voice of a practical wisdom, it will be heeded, and its utterance will have the weight of a natural and underived authority.

His character as a statesman has been slowly but surely emerging from the mists of popular ignorance and misunderstanding; and it will yet shine out clearly, by its own light, as one of the most forceful, acute, able, that has arisen in the nation's horizon. Mr. Hanna, as McKinley's friend, would live for many years in the fond memory of McKinley's hosts of admirers; but Mr. Hanna, the Senator, will be remembered for his own strong qualities of leadership—exerted during one of the most important epochs of the nation's history—long after the popular conception of his relation to President McKinley has been obscured by the mists of time.

MARK HANNA

MARK HANNA; A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

The noble Cato, when someone suggested that there ought to be a monument in memory of his services to his country, replied: "It is better that people should ask why Cato has *not* a monument than to ask why he *has*."

There are probably many people in the United States who will ask "Why this sketch of Mark Hanna?"

When President Charles F. Thwing, at the Alumni banquet given in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Western Reserve University, introduced Senator Marcus A. Hanna as one of the speakers, he remarked that it was only after repeated solicitation, by letter, telephone, and finally by personal interview, that he had succeeded in obtaining the Senator's consent to his request.

"The Senator," he said, "asked me why I wanted him to come out here today, among all these college professors. I told him," continued President Thwing, in his genial manner, "that I had three reasons for asking him. I said to him, I want you, first, because you are a Senator

from Ohio, and Western Reserve University, as an Ohio institution, has a claim on you; second. because you were once a student in Western Reserve; third, because you are a jolly good fellow! And," continued President Thwing, "on the third ground he said he would come; and here he is!"

The rousing ovation which greeted the Senator, as he smilingly stepped forward to address the Alumni, proved conclusively that he was wanted, on all these grounds and more. A chorus of yells, from throats long trained to that exercise, showed that the younger members of the company welcomed Mr. Hanna especially as "a jolly good fellow."

"What's the matter with Hanna? He's all right!" concluded the vociferous greeting; and Mr. Hanna proceeded, in his own characteristic manner, to make some remarks appropriate to the occasion; showing, by his vigor of language, his pungent wit, his keen and incisive thought, his free and natural gestures, that an intellect naturally strong, and cultivated by years of exercise on the multifarious problems of practical business, may shine to advantage, even in the presence of minds trained in the subtleties of mathematics and the classic languages.

HIS NAME ON ALL LIPS.

In introducing Mr. Hanna to the readers of this sketch, I might add several reasons to those given by President Thwing for introducing him to a learned assembly of College Alumni. Mr. Hanna is a unique figure in our political world. After years of successful business experience, controlling some of the largest commercial interests in Ohio, Mr. Hanna entered the field of political work. His rapid rise to a power such as perhaps no man in America has ever attained before makes a story which ought to appeal to all American citizens who admire genius, in whatever field it may exercise itself, and who applaud success, whenever it is the fruit of natural ability. His name today is on all lips. No man in the United States is more talked and written about.

In England he is called "the King-maker," and people greedily read every item concerning him. In this country, to strike the name of Mark Hanna from our public prints would leave great gaps of white in thousands of newspapers and magazines; and scores of cartoonists would find not perhaps their occupation but certainly their most fertile subject gone.

The very newsboys in the city streets know him by sight as well as reputation. Not long

since, Mr. Hanna was on a street car in Cleveland which was temporarily held by a blockade. The newsboys and street gamins saw the back of his head through the car window. At once a shout arose: "There's Mark Hanna; hello. Mark!" "Naw, it isn't!" "It is! It's Mark Hanna! Hello, Mark!" Perhaps Mr. Hanna's neck grew a bit red back of the ears at this noisy demonstration; but he kept his temper. He is the man of the people, like Napoleon.

On another occasion Mr. Hanna was being driven in a cab through one of the back streets of New York city. The cab stopped, from some obstruction. A grimy newsboy saw Mr. Hanna through the cab window, and shouted, "Hello, Mark Hanna!"

This universal recognition is no less a compliment to the cartoonists than to Mr. Hanna, for it is largely through their art that Mr. Hanna's features have become so widely known. At bottom, the success of a cartoon depends as much upon its presenting a recognizable likeness as upon the idea to be conveyed. It is needless to say that the cartoonists do not flatter Mr. Hanna in their pictures; but even Mr. Hanna himself is forced to admit that some of them resemble him about as much as certain photographs that have been made of him!

An amusing bit of news appeared recently in a New York paper. It is presented here for the edification of the reader.

"Mark A. Hanna to the bar," thundered Levy, the court officer of the 121st street police court, yesterday morning.

Magistrate Zeller straightened up as he heard the name of the Ohio Senator.

At the officer's summons there appeared before the bar a small boy.

"Where is Mark A. Hanna?" asked the magistrate.

"Here I is," piped the voice of the small prisoner.

He was Mark Hanna, of 140 East 132d street and he was accused by Louis Kortis, of 1 East 132d street, of stealing enameled letters from his window.

Several small boys corroborated Kortis' story of the theft.

"What have you to say to the charge?" asked Magistrate Zeller, sternly.

Mark Hanna dashed away a gush of unmanly tears with a small and grimy fist. "These fellers are my political enemies, boss," he said. Whereupon the magistrate ordered his discharge.

"You bear a famous name," said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, "but it ain't my fault. My father is a good Democrat."

"Yes, thank God," cried Mrs. Hanna, who accompanied her boy, as she led him away.

A PERSONAL INTERVIEW.

I have, then, written this sketch of Mr. Hanna firstly, because I think the public wants it. Secondly, I know something about him. I was born and "raised" not twenty miles from Cleveland. Anyone who has lived very long in the vicinity of Cleveland could not help knowing a great deal about Mark Hanna. The city bears his impress. He was an old story in Cleveland before the country at large ever heard of him. When I began writing this sketch, I asked the city editor of the Leader whether that paper had ever published a biographical sketch of Mr. Hanna. If so, I wanted to utilize it. All is grist that comes to my literary mill.

The Editor laughed. "To print a biographical sketch of Mark Hanna in Cleveland," he said, "would be carrying coals to Newcastle. Everybody knows all about him. But if there is anything in particular that you want to find out, ask the old business men." I did so. What I did not know, they told me.

My first personal acquaintance with Mr. Hanna was one morning two years ago, when I called at his residence on the West Side, with letters of introduction from the son of a former President and others. Mr. Hanna was at home, reading the morning paper. He was not in the best of humor at first. His rheumatism was troubling him. But he handed me a chair, and soon became cordial and communicative.

I got my first rapid sketch for this pen-picture of him then. He impressed me as one of the keenest, clearest-headed men I had ever met. His eyes were like electric lights. His words were clean-cut, and went straight to the mark, like bullets to the bull's-eye. He expressed his opinion freely, on certain public questions.

"What do you think of the laws that are being framed against the so-called trusts?" I asked him.

"They're all unconstitutional,—every one of them!" he exclaimed, with a frankness that surprised me. I had looked for a cautious answer,—the answer of the politician. I received the frank, unhesitating answer of the independent, fearless business man. It is a marvel to me how this blunt, honest, out-spoken man has ever succeeded as he has in politics. In politics, honesty is not considered the best policy. The politician is supposed to weigh every word he utters, to determine

its effect upon voters. He cannot tell the public what he thinks, but only what his party thinks, and expresses in its platform. His utterance is always official, never personal. He has no individual opinions,—or none to speak of!

I saw at once that Mr. Hanna dominated party conventions and party platforms because he is greater than they are. He knows it, and acts it. He knows that masses of men follow leaders who are strong enough to command them. He knows that masses of men take their opinions from strong leaders. This is not exactly in accord with some of our democratic ideas, but it is a fact.

I will not betray Mr. Hanna's confidence by repeating all that he said. I do not fancy that he would object, but it would hurt the feelings of some sincere people. Mr. Hanna probably did not say anything to me that he was afraid to say in public, if occasion should arise.

With reference to the "anti-imperialists" and their work, he expressed unutterable disgust. He seemed to think that it was the expression not so much of perversity as of imbecility. That was certainly a charitable view of it! His contempt for Boston was unmistakable. It was plain that he considered that place the hot-bed of all political heresy. Old women, garrulous gossips, med-

dling with matters beyond their understanding; sentimental quibblers, utterly lacking in common sense; such were the people who were harrying the Administration with their anti-imperialist nonsense!

But it was soon time for Mr. Hanna to go to town. He rose and pressed a button. A carriage, drawn by a handsome span of horses, was driven to the door. Mr. Hanna courteously invited me to ride with him. During the pleasant drive through the winding boulevards of the park we chatted of various things. Mr. Hanna revealed the sunny, genial side of his nature, which is sometimes concealed from unwelcome visitors.

I remarked that I hoped Mr. McKinley would be nominated for a second term, and that Mr. Hanna would manage the campaign.

"He will be nominated," replied Mr Hanna, in a tone that indicated the certainty of Fate; "but I must keep out of it. I have had two serious attacks of heart trouble, and my physicians have warned me against all manner of excitement."

How well Mr. Hanna has heeded that warning, the public very well knows. His heart was in his work. It had to keep throbbing. Physicians' warnings were wasted. I believe Mr. Hanna would have died in his place rather than relinquish what he believed to be his duty. Death will

sometime stop his restless activity; but the fear of death will never do so.

AN APOLOGY FOR MR. HANNA.

As I said before, I have written this sketch of Mr. Hanna because I think the public wants it. When I say the public, I mean a very large part of the people of the United States, and a goodly proportion of the people of all English-speaking countries. There is a considerable element in the United States, however, that not only does not want to know anything about Mark Hanna,—at least, anything good,—but that will raise a hue and cry against the writer for attempting to tell them anything.

To them, Mark Hanna is a Monster. He represents all that is worst in our civilization. He is a scamp Jupiter, who has got the Olympian throne by purchase, and has corrupted all the other gods. He builds earthly thrones of gold, and sets rulers thereon, who meekly do his will. He is the Boss Deity of the political Olympus, with countless legions of purchased angels to do his bidding. To these people he is the typical plutocrat; and gold, and Pluto of the infernal underworld, are the allied forces of his corrupted kingdom.

The intensity of the hatred felt by some people in this country for Mark Hanna cannot be expressed in words. Mr. Hanna does not, cannot fully realize it; and it is well that he cannot. I know many Republicans who speak of Mr. Hanna in a tone of apology. They have heard so much about his rascality that they begin to think it is true. They have not heard the things they ought to hear.

I know other Republicans who waver in their loyalty to the party because of this feeling that Mr. Hanna has become its ruler, and that he is not as good as he ought to be. One of my chief reasons for writing this sketch is to tell these people a few things about Mr. Hanna which may serve to give them a juster estimate of his character.

I do not conceal my preference for the Republican party in American politics. No party is perfect. Political affiliation is at best a compromise, a matter of expediency. But the Republican party to my mind is the party of safety, the party of conservatism, and I wish it well. I do not want any of its friends and supporters to leave it because of ignorance and misunderstanding concerning Mr. Hanna and his work. I write not so much in the interest of Mr. Hanna person-

ally as in the interests of the party and the political policy which he so prominently represents.

NOT AN OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

In sending out this little sketch to the public, I wish it distinctly understood that it is in no sense an official document. Mr Hanna has not been asked to sanction or endorse it in any way. He has had no part whatever in the preparation of it. It has no relation whatever, occult or otherwise, to any so-called "Hanna boom." It is simply one of a projected series of biographical sketches, which, when completed, will include a number of the prominent men of the day.

Mr. Hanna personally is averse to any formal publication of his achievements, either in business or politics. His career has been that of a public-spirited citizen, who has succeeded in business as many other men have done, by virtue of natural talent and close application, and whose political notoriety has been very largely thrust upon him, as a consequence of activities entered upon from motives of disinterested patriotism.

This sketch, therefore, so far from claiming any sanction or authority from Mr. Hanna, or having any official relation to his past or future career, is rather one of those afflictions which

come to most men who achieve eminence in any particular direction, and whose lives therefore become to a certain extent public property.

Mr. Hanna has become so vitally connected with our national history that people wish to know more about his personality. Where others might do worse, even if some should do better, it is no sin for the author of this essay to offer it to the public, in the hope that it may both serve a growing public interest that is largely pardonable, and present a juster estimate of Mr. Hanna's character than that commonly promulgated by his political enemies. If it shall give his many friends and admirers some pleasure and satisfaction in the latter respect, and serve to fix for future historians some of the fleeting facts in the career of a unique and forceful character, its main purpose will have been accomplished.

OUR INDUSTRIAL HEROES.

The reader will note that I do not deal with Mr. Hanna as an individual alone, but also as a man representing a large and increasing class,—the business men, the empire-builders, the men who are laying the foundations of a new and grand civilization.

This is the age of science, invention, manu-

facture, trade. Antiquated dreamers, with vacant eyes turned in upon their own misty speculation, denounce it as a gross and materialistic age. They mourn the absence of sentiment, poetry, the fine arts. To them, these men of affairs are so many great brutes, trampling down their fellows in their mad rush for material treasures. They do not see the real work which these men are doing, in redeeming the earth from the wild forces of nature, and preparing it to be the home of such a civilization as the human race has never dreamed of in the past.

I take it upon myself to defend this class of men from the aspersions of their traducers. I take it upon myself to say some good words for this material world and its material interests. If this is materialism, let the critics make the most of it.

I believe in this world, and in the heroes who are making it habitable. Where shall we find the greatest heroes today? Certainly not on the field of battle, though war has brought forth brave men and true, even in these days.

But in the field of invention, manufacture and trade, in science, literature and politics, there are characters as worthy of the pen of a Plutarch as any that the classic writer rescued from the gath-

ering shades of oblivion and made immortal with the touch of his genius.

When a Plutarch looks, he sees what escapes the eyes of common men; and at his glance, lo, a race of heroes springs into being, where before were sordid traders and haggling merchants.

The eye of genius touches with its revealing ray the masses of struggling men who fill our factories, our mills, our mines, who dig and carve and pound and plow and reap, who sit beside strange machines, or walk among whirling wheels and buzzing bands and rattling chains; and behold, a race of gods appears, creating out of chaos and night the forms of use and beauty that shall make this world a heaven and human life a song of joy.

Who shall say that these characters are not worthy to furnish subjects for epic verse or heroic annals? In this warfare with the brute forces of nature, every soldier who does his duty is worthy of a laurel wreath; and the bold commanders who lead and direct these warriors, who plan and execute vast campaigns against the brute forces of nature,—shall we not sing of these as Virgil of old sang of "Arms and the man"? Shall we not write their names upon our scroll of fame, that they may shine forth in suc-

ceeding ages like the names of ancient Greece and Rome?

Greater are these names than any that have graced the monuments of the buried past; for the names of the men of old are chiefly the names of destroyers and ravagers; the lions and tigers of the race, whose strength and courage and fierceness we admire, but whose deeds cannot compare with the deeds of these mighty builders of the modern world, before whose all-conquering arms Nature surrenders her deepest secrets and pours forth her hidden treasures of energy and substance to enrich and beautify the earth.

The men of old conquered savage tribes, or poured the blood of their own brethren as libations to the god of ambition. These warriors fight with the forces of the under-world, and out of darkness and the pit wrest light and glory for their fellow men.

They grasp the very stars in their orbits, and fasten them to their standards to light the fields of their glory. Suns and moons are their trophies, brought back in triumph from cosmic expeditions.

Space yields her treasures to these bold world-conquerors. The sea and the earth-deeps are transparent to their eyes.

Photo by Edmondson.

They toss mountains from hand to hand. They drink up rivers, or turn them into new channels.

They scatter ships like birds, which in their strong flight go to the bounds of the sea, and return not fruitless.

Over the far-reaching continents fly their dragon-trains, more wondrous than any miracle of old.

Sea murmurs to sea, in the mystic whisper of the telegraph. The lightnings are our messengers, which obey our word.

Who hath seen the like of it? History is dumb.

What is the secret of Mr. Hanna's remarkable power and influence in the political world?

It is not easy to account for any sort of great success. At the bottom of every great achievement lies a character that is great.

Success comes to the strong, the brave, the intelligent. It does not come to weaklings, to cowards, to dull and sluggish intellects.

The whole world applauds success. These men who can *do* what other men only dream of doing,—these men who hitch their wagons to the stars, and are pulled by the very power of the Cosmos,—these athletes in the world's Olympian games, conquering all who come against them,

standing with folded arms awaiting new assailants, conscious of superior power, strong in the victories they have won;—these men, I say, fascinate the multitude, and easily wear the laurels which are placed upon their brows.

THE LION IN HIS DEN.

Mr. Hanna is a Colossus, who tosses commercial interests and political offices like baubles. Senators and Congressmen, millionaire business managers, aspirants for political favors, newspaper men, even clergymen and college presidents, jostle together in the corridors leading to his private office in the Perry-Payne Building, Cleveland.

If you wish to see him, you approach the railing that separates the numerous business offices of M. A. Hanna & Co. from the outside world.

Here a colored porter takes your card, and carries it to some inner sanctum, where it is received by Mr. Hanna's private secretary.

If you are a "persona non grata," you are respectfully informed that Mr. Hanna is too busy to see you today. If your business is deemed of some importance, it may be disposed of by the private secretary, who will meet you, when your turn comes, in his private office. Meantime, per-

haps, you sit on a long bench in company with others who are waiting.

If your business really justifies a personal interview with Mr. Hanna, you will be informed that Mr. Hanna will see you, as soon as he is at liberty; and you will be invited to leave the plebeian bench in the corridor for a seat in the office of the secretary.

When your turn arrives, you are ushered by the secretary into Mr. Hanna's private office.

Your reception will depend upon your personal relation to Mr. Hanna, and the importance of your business.

Letters of introduction, from whatever source, count for but little. Mr. Hanna is not awed by great names.

Mr. Hanna is no snob, no aristocrat, in the ordinary sense of the word; but he is a man who can read character by its natural signs, and who recognizes no other passport to his favor.

When you have been introduced to him, if you are a stranger, he calmly awaits the statement of your business. He has no time for mere words. What you would say, you must say briefly, concisely.

He looks you through and through with his keen dark eyes. They are searchlights, from

which no secret can be hidden. If you are dissembling, you will not deceive those eyes. Whatever your words may say, those eyes will detect the lie in your mind.

It is said that one of the principal elements in the success of Napoleon was his ability to estimate the character of his associates. In the business and political world, this faculty is quite as important as in the military, and Mr. Hanna possesses it to a remarkable degree.

When you have stated your business, Mr. Hanna will probably ask you a few quiet questions. You will perceive that he does not waste words upon superficial matters, but each question goes to the bottom of the business. Practical above all things, he seeks always for some guarantee of success. It is not a question whether the plan be a good one,—but, will it work in practice? If it will not, Mr. Hanna will have none of it.

As he sits quietly at his desk, with a certain massive dignity and poise, you feel that you are in the presence of a man of power. He is not a mere figurehead. He is the man who *does* things, —large, masculine, with a certain quiet command in tone and gesture which indicates the natural leader of men.

His mind acts quickly but powerfully upon

whatever question comes before him. He has the Napoleonic grasp of details, and his self-reliance is born of the consciousness of his own power.

In his business councils he is what Grant was in his councils of war. He sits quietly listening to the various remarks, reserving his own. When all others have spoken, he gives his opinion, in a few quiet words; and his business associates assert that he is almost invariably correct.

As you talk with him, his secretary enters with a dozen letters, and presents them for Mr. Hanna's reply or signature. Turning to his desk, he with a few strokes of the pen disposes of questions involving perhaps thousands of dollars, and the destinies of hundreds of men. He turns the searching power of his strong mind upon each letter, and you catch perhaps a few words of his intructions to the secretary,—"Tell Mr. Cortelyou"—or, "Write the Senator that," etc.

Having disposed of these matters, he turns to you again, and without the loss of a single thread of your discourse, resumes the consideration of your business.

You are inevitably impressed with his immense power of application and concentration of mind. Quietly, with no display of effort, as an ocean

liner turns in the harbor, his strong intellect applies itself to each matter, weighs each statement and each argument, and renders its decision in a few well-chosen words.

Here is a type of intellect which has not yet been included in the world's category of genius; the type of the successful business man.

But why should it not be so included? Are the classic languages and the higher mathematics the only worthy field for the exercise of intellectual powers?

Must a man devote the powers of his intellect to problems of physical science, or to abstract questions of law and ethics, in order to be recognized as a man of culture?

In the complex affairs of the modern industrial world are problems quite as worthy of intellectual power as are the more classic problems of purely professional life.

When you have in a brief interview concluded your business with Mr. Hanna, you retire, to pass, perhaps, in the corridor, a Senator or two who have called to pay their respects, or a half-dozen coal or street car magnates, who have come to discuss with Mr. Hanna some business project. How this man can manage so many various affairs, commercial and political, and manage them

all so successfully, is a mystery to those who do not appreciate the immense native strength of his intellect, cultivated by many years of application to complex and weighty problems.

MR. HANNA A PHILANTHROPIST.

Mark Hanna is no aristocrat, in the common sense of that term. He is a good fellow, accessible to his friends and to those who have any real business with him. He is full of kind impulses, though his blunt manner at times might seem to belie the statement.

Those who know him intimately could give many instances of his generosity toward worthy causes and individuals.

This man, whom his enemies picture as a fat and brutal tyrant, driving men to do his imperious will by the sheer power of brute authority, is at heart tender, benevolent, generous.

There is not a church society, not a hospital or rescue home, not a society of Sisters, not a charitable institution of any kind in Cleveland that does not in the hour of its need turn to this imperious tyrant, and receive of his substance the aid required; and as for cases of individual charity, they are too numerous to mention, even if it could be done without the violation of a sacred confidence.

It is not alone the politician in want of a job who seeks the ear of Mr. Hanna; but scores of persons in need of assistance for themselves or for some public cause come to his office in the Perry-Payne Building, and not one is ignored or slighted.

If Mr. Hanna knows how to disburse dollars for political purposes, he knows also how to dispense them for charitable ends. There is no record of his benefactions, and he would not allow it to be published, if there were; but the curious might learn of many a generous and praiseworthy act which should go far toward softening the aspersions of his enemies, if it were known to the general public.

Mr. Hanna has been for many years President of the Board of Trustees for the Huron St. Hospital in Cleveland, and has helped the institution with money and with counsel. His recent gift of $50,000 to Kenyon College is not large enough to attract general attention in these days of princely gifts to educational institutions, but it is worthy of note as one of many instances of generosity on the part of this much-misunderstood and slandered man.

The usefulness of a prosperous business man to the community, however, is not to be judged

exclusively or even chiefly by his public or private gifts of money. The best gift of any man to the public is, after all, the man himself. If he well serves the public interests in his business, if he employs many men, and treats them with justice and generosity, he is a public benefactor, though he never gave a dollar to charity or education.

MR. HANNA AND THE WORKINGMEN.

In his relation to the thousands of workingmen who are employed in the various enterprises managed by Mr. Hanna, we see the real character of the man revealed. Mr. Hanna's men do not strike. If they have a grievance, Mr. Hanna's door is open. They can come in and state it.

In the coal mines, the shipyards, and on the street railway lines managed by Mr. Hanna, there has never been a strike. Instead, there may be seen at the offices various testimonials from the employees bearing witness to the just and generous treatment accorded them by Mr. Hanna.

After the great strike of the employees of the Big Consolidated, in the summer of '99, the employees on Mr. Hanna's lines, the Little Consolidated, were presented with $5,000, to be divided among them, in consideration of their loyalty to the company's interests.

During the summer just past ('01) the wages of all the street railway employees were voluntarily raised by Mr. Hanna; and in recognition of this act the employees prepared and signed a testimonial of their gratitude, which is now on file in Supt. Mulherne's office.

Is this the "bloated aristocrat" we see pictured in the cartoons of the Democratic and Populist papers?

Is this the man who drives his Juggernaut car of wealth over the prostrate forms of the nation's workingmen?

Is this the friend and champion of "the trusts," who squeezes the life-blood of labor to make rich wine for bloated capitalists?

Let our comic artists lampoon Mr. Hanna, the politician, if they must, for that is a part of the game of politics; but let them recognize the real character of Mr. Hanna the man, the friend of capital and labor alike, who stands for co-operation between work and wealth, with equal justice to both.

It is easy for the demagogue to point to Mr. Hanna's wealth, or to his business relations with great corporations, and by so doing arouse the envy and discontent of workingmen who do not know his real attitude toward labor; but his own

employees know of his justice and generosity, and have only words of praise for him.

In these days of strife between the corporations and the labor unions, it should be known, to Mr. Hanna's credit among workingmen, that he was the first man in our industrial history to recognize and respect a labor union.

Mr. Hanna's political policy is based upon the idea that success and prosperity for the capitalist means success and prosperity for the men in his employ. He recognizes the right of workingmen to organize in the interests of better service and higher wages.

He deplores strikes and lockouts, and justifies them only as a last resort, in the interest of justice. He believes in arbitration between employer and employee, whenever there is a real grievance on either side.

Acts of arbitrary authority he does not sanction, whether committed by the capitalist or the workingmen. Thus he stands as a representative of the interests of both capital and labor; although in the popular mind he seems to be the partisan of trusts and corporations.

There is no doubt but that Mr. Hanna's position as Chairman of the National Republican Committee, in which it became his duty to assess

the business men of the country for campaign expenses, has prejudiced him in the minds of very many, who saw, in his intimate relation to the wealthy firms and corporations of the country, evidence of hostility toward the working people. But if Mr. Hanna's theory of the community of interest between capital and labor is correct, the more money he drew from the wealthy, to defend the business interests of the country, the better it was for the working classes, who were bound to share the ensuing general prosperity.

Certain it is that genuine prosperity cannot be the exclusive lot of any particular class. Prosperity which is based upon real production must be, in the nature of things, universally diffused. Whatever increases production, must in the long run augment the welfare of the whole human race. Thus, business enterprise, though usually based upon selfish motives, becomes philanthropy of a practical and permanent sort.

THE MAN OF AFFAIRS.

A man like Mr. Hanna must be judged by other than classical criterions.

He could not translate a page of the Iliad or the Aneid; but he is himself a most notable part of

that wondrous life of the twentieth century whose epic is yet to be written.

He is not a Homer, but a Ulysses; not a Plutarch, but one of those types of men which Plutarch delighted to portray, in his inimitable "Lives."

He is a man not of words, but of deeds; no speculator, in the dim, mystic fields of metaphysics, but a downright practical man, who sees the relation of coal and iron to the higher civilization.

He knows that the foundations of civilization are laid in material prosperity; that not gold, but granite, is the solid stuff on which our national temple must be builded. Your art, your learning, your philosophy, rest upon the earth.

He will have no unsubstantial cloud-temple, shifting and floating, for his abode; but an house builded with hands, resting on solid rock, and compact of right earthy materials.

What is Law, to such a man as this? What is Government?

Let us look closely at these things, brothers. Law is no system of metaphysics, for the exercise of sophomores. It is a most downright, practical thing, for the settlement of disputes over material interests.

Where there is no material interest, there is no law, or need of law.

Where there is no industry, no trade, there is no need of Government.

A naked soul in the world has no need of Law or Government. Who can rob the mind? Who can steal a thought, a fancy? Who can restrict or prohibit thought?

It is when an idea becomes embodied in a thing that Law is born. That thing may be injured, stolen, destroyed. It may be exchanged for other things. Then trade begins, and Government is born.

Mr. Hanna represents this practical view of Law and Government. He is impatient of theories, but zealous for facts.

Ideals are well enough for poets, but will they work in practice? Let the poet sing of the new race, god-like, unselfish, loving and serving one another. Let him chant of the New Social Order which is to be, when selfishness and strife are dead, and no man seeks to dominate the thoughts or actions of another. Mr. Hanna will grant the beauty of the song, but he will not embody it in a political platform. . .

He knows very well that the masses of men are selfish. He knows that they struggle and

fight like beasts for supremacy. He knows that they need restraint.

He says, "Government means the fostering and protection of our material interests. It means the regulation of manufacture and trade in a manner conducive to the highest material interests of the whole nation."

Mr. Hanna represents material prosperity. In an age of unprecedented material development, it was inevitable that such a man, of strong natural powers, should rise to eminence in the political world.

The scholar may sneer at the manufacturer, the merchant; but it is their day, and they can afford to let him sneer.

A HERCULES IN POLITICS.

Mr. Hanna made a success of business, and by applying his business talent to political work he has achieved a most remarkable success in politics.

Mr. Hanna had long been a warm friend and admirer of Mr. McKinley. When he started in to secure Mr. McKinley's nomination, he proceeded upon business principles. He organized a bureau of clerks, and got himself in touch with the working elements of the party throughout the entire country.

He spared neither strength nor money. He worked like a Hercules. He hardly took time to eat or sleep. He spent probably one hundred thousand dollars of his own good money in this preliminary work.

He broke his constitution, but he also broke the party machine, and got McKinley before the people. When he went to the Convention, he carried McKinley's nomination in his pocket. By the tireless energy of one man, the elements of the Republican party were organized into a solid legion, whose banners bore the image of McKinley.

This Hercules of politics, whose labors were not twelve, but a thousand and a thousand thousand, has shown the people of the United States that a political machine may be constructed for a good man as well as for a bad one; that money may be poured out in unstinted measure for the welfare and prosperity of the whole people, as well as for the enrichment of a set of mere political spoilsmen; that generalship and command may be exercised for universal as well as for individual ends; and that politics and patriotism are not yet hopelessly severed in American public life.

In all his political work Mr. Hanna has been his characteristic self. Most politicians are dip-

lomats. They feel the public pulse, they look at the public tongue, they prescribe according to the symptoms, and thus hope to gain credit as skilled doctors of the law.

Mr. Hanna alarmed his political friends, and brought consternation into many a political camp by his bluntness and outspoken frankness. He called things by their right names He blurted out his honest opinions. He offended some, and frightened others, who were not accustomed to such plain speech and manners.

But when Mr. Hanna makes a promise, he keeps it. If he says "I'll do what I can for you," he means it. When other politicians say this, it usually means a polite dismissal of the applicant's claims.

HANNA HAS NO HORNS.

Mr. Hanna very well knows that he is misunderstood by many people, and that there is great prejudice against him among certain classes. He has done what he could to remove this misunderstanding and prejudice, and has achieved a notable measure of success, especially in some sections where he has made political speeches.

At first, his political associates tried to keep him from going before the people. They were fearful

for the results to the party. They knew his blunt honesty and frankness. They knew that his very figure was odious to many of the people.

But Mr. Hanna went. In fact, he went, he spoke, he conquered.

He said to his friends: "Something is due to *me!* I'll go, and let them see that I haven't got horns!"

Harper's Weekly, Oct. 20, 1900, says of Mr. Hanna: "Chairman Hanna is about to start on an extended tour of South Dakota and Nebraska. One reason that Mr. Hanna's campaign speeches have been potent in the campaign is that his audiences find, generally to their surprise, that he is not a monster in appearance, and does not wear dollar marks all over his clothes."

HANNA AS AN ORATOR.

As an orator, Mr. Hanna was, to use the expression of a Cleveland banker, "a surprise party."

They had known him as a keen, clear-headed business man, terse of speech, quick of decision, vigorous and aggressive in all his dealings.

They had not realized that there was in him a strain of Irish eloquence, inherited from no one knows what rebellious agitator of the Emerald Isle; for Hanna's ancestry, like McKinley's, was

of Scotch and Irish blood, and dwelt amid the green hills of County Antrim, from which have come to America's shores so many elements of strong and noble character.

His eloquence is not of the schools. It lacks the artificial graces of a studied style and practiced gesture. But it has the force and vigor of a manly character behind it; a directness like that of Antony, persuasive by its very honesty, compelling assent by virtue of that mystic force which we call personal magnetism. It has wit and a homely wisdom in it; the wisdom of a large experience in the matters of which he speaks.

If he knows little about a particular subject. he is as mute as the Egyptian sphinx. Dynamite would not blast an opinion out of him. But what he knows, of that he will speak.

He is not satisfied to know a little *about* a subject. He must dig under it, look over it, surround it and take it captive, before he will venture to discuss it.

This is the same quality that made him succeed in business as a young man. When he went into the grocery store of Hanna, Garrettson & Co., in the early days of Cleveland, he made up his mind to know all about groceries. He built up a large trade with the vessels plying between the Lake

Superior mines and the port of Cleveland, and soon became a partner in the firm.

Those who have met Mr. Hanna in business or political councils feel and acknowledge a power in him to sway the minds of other men, which is quite beyond the influence of mere words. When he feels that he is right, you might as well pepper the rock of Gibraltar with pebbles as assail him with arguments of mere expediency.

He will not retreat, he will not compromise. He stands like Fate, proof against all prayers and tears.

This adamantine character has won him many a victory. Men weary of battering against that wall of rock.

And yet, having gained a victory, he is generous toward his conquered enemy. His head is hard, but his heart is tender.

He can strike with mailed hand, and strong men hesitate to invite his blow; but he can also caress like a child.

THE MAN OF FLESH.

He is by nature sunny and genial, fond of a joke, grasping your hand with a strong, magnetic clasp; but the rheumatic pains of old age, and the carking cares and myriad trials of his

political work have made him a bit irritable, and those who know him best respect his moods the most.

It is a bold man who, without the sanction of a worthy cause, will venture to beard this lion in his den. Intrude upon him with vain and frivolous questions, seek to pry into affairs which he prefers to keep secret, annoy him with requests for an interview, and you may hear the lion's growl.

Wary reporters have learned to question him by telephone, a method which is conducive to personal safety at least, if not to lengthy interviews. Very often the reportorial fancy must patch out the information which the reportorial nerve was not sufficient to obtain in full by personal attack.

And yet, Mr. Hanna is no ogre, sitting in his cave and glaring at all intruders. He is often jovial, even boisterous in his mirth.

He has the solid, fleshly body which denotes the man of the world. He does not dine on dewdrops, nor sup on ambrosial airs.

He has plenty of good clay in his makeup. He is in his place among the brick and stone structures of the modern city. His rugged nature likes the atmosphere of the busy street better than that of the scholar's study. He is here not

to write or say pretty things, but to seize upon elements such as iron, coal, copper, wood, stone, and out of them construct things of use in this material world.

He belongs to this reptilian age of material development. He represents it, in the world of law and politics.

The historian of the future will look back upon the men of this age with wonder and amazement. They will be to him as the mammoth, the megatherium, the plesiosaurus are to us.

These colossal figures which dominate the material activities of this age,—these Carnegies, Rockefellers, Morgans, Hannas, who crush their enormous way through our industrial forests, treading down all that opposes them,—are making paths through the erstwhile impassable jungles, which shall become the highways of the world; and all men shall walk in them, and thank these mammoth pioneers, who cleared the way for liberty and prosperity.

It is not surprising that Mr. Hanna should have been drawn to political work. He is of the earth, earthy, in the best and truest sense. He is no dreamer of dreams, but a worker in downright material elements. He is not here to sing of the world to come, but to do his share of drudgery in the world that is.

This throbbing earth, with its puffing engines, its smoking factories, its humming wheels, its rushing trains and steamships, its singing wires, vibrating with thought, its mines of treasure, its reservoirs of oil, its broad fields heavy with produce; this is his native home. He is no exile here, from some ideal star-world, biding his painful time, and assuaging the pain of life by the singing of psalms and the muttering of pious phrases.

To him, this world is not a vale of tears, to be got through with sighing and groaning, hoping for a heaven beyond. It is a divine world, made for man to dwell in, furnished with the raw materials for all that the body and soul may need.

To convert these raw materials into things of use and beauty; to tame wild nature, and harness her elements; to build homes and fill them with all that can make the life of man more comfortable and happy; this is to him the proper aim and work of man.

To further this work is the true object and aim of law and politics. Mr. Hanna is not interested in passing resolutions of respect for dim ideals. To build up commerce, to open channels of exchange, to encourage manufacture, to regulate the social machinery in the common interest,—this is his conception of the work of politics.

This fleshly man, this denizen of the material world, is fitted for the work which he has undertaken. He is a natural leader and commander of men. He gathers them around him as the mother-hen gathers her chicks.

In his Washington home, in the historic old Cameron house, he is surrounded by senators and congressmen and other public characters. His forenoons are spent in meeting men. He sees more people than any man in Washington except the President.

His friends have tried to dissuade him from spending his energies in this wholesale social intercourse. But he was made for the public. He would droop and die in a solitary existence. He must meet and mingle with men. He must clasp hands with them, he must speak with them face to face, eye looking into eye.

He cannot deal with them by literary or other long-distance methods. He must feel the throb of their pulse, hear the sound of their voice. He is a human sun, radiating warmth and light; and it is necessary that there should be a planetary system revolving about him.

This is the sort of man that nature sends to lead and inspire the multitude. In him they see themselves, and feel their power. They follow

and obey, because their aims and interests are embodied in him, their leader.

PRACTICE VERSUS THEORY.

Mr. Hanna is a statesman, but not a philosopher. He does not weave speculative systems. Theories of government are to him air, vapor, smoke. He is concrete and practical. Fine declarations of ideal truths are to him but so many empty words, until their practical application has been proven by experience.

The freedom of Cuba, for instance,—what does it mean? It means freedom for the Cubans to do as they please, so long as they please to do what is right. But we must have some guarantee of their intentions. We have capital invested there. We have tobacco plantations, sugar mills and other interests. These belong to us, to men of the United States; not to the Cubans. How do they propose to treat these possessions of ours?

It is evident that Cuba is not wholly for the Cubans. Some of its most important interests,—without which it would be a mere island, and no nation,—belong to citizens of the United States. Who shall govern these business interests, if not the men who own them?

The sentimentalist may cry out, and raise the

shout of "imperialism;" but facts are facts, and they are ever stubborn things.

This is the practical business man's view of all these problems, and Mr. Hanna seems to represent this view in national politics. It is not necessarily a base and sordid view. It is not necessarily inconsistent with sentiment, certainly not incompatible with justice to all concerned.

What is a nation? Is it land, merely? So many square miles of dirt?

Is it not rather the wealth that has been created there upon that land?

If the land is the nation, then the red men were the rightful rulers of America. But could they rule our railroads, telegraphs, factories, mines, and other forms of created and developed wealth?

They who produce and own must therefore control and govern.

To understand this truth fully, in all its manifold applications to political problems, is to understand men like Mr. Hanna, who represent the so-called commercial idea in politics.

If the application of this principle, either in the United States or our insular possessions, shall seem to conflict with our traditional theories of government, then it is plain that these theories must be modified or abandoned.

But does it in truth conflict? Government by the consent of the governed means that our business men in Cuba and elsewhere shall not be taxed or otherwise controlled by a government which does not recognize their rights, or admit them to a due share of influence in the national councils.

It is a very simple proposition, though much beclouded by irrelevant discussion. When it comes to legislation affecting property, the owners of that property should have a voice commensurate with their interests. Here, the vote of the pauper should not weigh as much as that of the wealthy capitalist. If by our theory of government it is made to weigh as much, then property must defend its interests as best it can.

We talk of bribery and corruption in our politics. It sometimes happens that the capitalist is guilty of bribery for the same reason that the small boy is often guilty of lying; namely, for reasons of self-defense.

MOSES SMOTE THE ROCK.

In his position as chairman of the National Republican Committee, Mr. Hanna performed a work of inestimable value to the business interests of the country. For his purpose all possible means were placed at his disposal. When this

Moses smote the rock of corporate wealth, a plentiful stream gushed forth. No man had ever such power to raise money for political purposes. "He could walk down Wall street any day and raise a million dollars," says one who knows of what he speaks.

What was the secret of his magnetic power, which could draw such treasure from its hidden vaults? A part of the secret lay in the character of the man. He had been for many years known to the business interests of the country as an able and honorable leader in the business world. It was known that he had himself contributed very heavily to the work of nominating McKinley. He was recognized as a competent leader, who understood the business situation, and who could be trusted to do everything that was for the best.

The rest of the secret lay in the issues which were at stake.

The Goddess of Liberty was in danger from the quacks. She was a healthy goddess, her veins pulsing with good red blood. But there were those who declared that she was very ill. They said she was suffering from anaemia, or lack of blood.

How did they propose to reinforce this alleged paucity of vital fluid?

They proposed to inject water into her veins.

In solemn council, with Doctor Bryan as chief consulting physician, these wise doctors of the law proposed to inflate the arteries of the goddess with a fluid which, though it is a constituent part of vital blood, must not exceed a safe proportion, or it becomes poisonous and fatal.

The life of the goddess was in danger. Loyal men rallied to her defense. It was a question of life and death.

Mr. Hanna undertook the case. The efficient way in which he treated it made him famous as a political physician. He proved his right to the title of Doctor of Laws, which has been bestowed upon him by Kenyon College. He saved the life of the Goddess of Liberty.

"How We Elected Mr. McKinley; by the Lieutenant General of the Republican Forces."

How a book with this title would sell, if Mr. Hanna would only write it!

Think of the tons of printed matter sent out from headquarters!

"We have 4,000 newspapers in line that print our stuff, when we start the machine," said Mr. Hanna one day in a conversation.

Think of that, ye editorial scribblers! One paper only prints *your* "stuff," and you never cease to sing of the "Power of the Press."

Four thousand advocates, each with a myriad of metal tongues, shouting from the housetops! Four thousand apostles, with miraculous powers, speaking in all known and unknown tongues, each one heard in a thousand or a hundred thousand or half a million homes at once!

Is it a wonder that the people heard, and were convinced?

And think of the army of orators that invaded the cities, the villages, the country cross-roads; all thundering their warning into the people's ear!

Is it a wonder that this Gospel of Prosperity, so published and so preached, should have numbered its converts by the million?

Aside from the merits of the Gospel, a movement planned and executed on such a colossal scale could not but succeed.

"Providence is on the side of the largest battalions," said Napoleon.

In politics, success is apt to be on the side of the heaviest contributors for campaign expenses.

AS CAMPAIGN MANAGER.

But few people realize the enormous amount of work involved in managing a presidential campaign. Mr. Hanna is admitted to be the

most remarkable chairman the National Committee has ever had. He is no boss, ruling by virtue of his power over so many legions of obedient slaves. He is a natural leader, whose influence with his co-workers is that of experience, intelligence, intuition, energy. He has the confidence of the party leaders to a most remarkable degree.

There is something Napoleonic in this mastery of his. Men who have been leaders for the past thirty or forty years defer to this new arrival upon the field of politics. When the young Napoleon was sent to command the Army of Italy, officers whose heads had turned gray in the service of France looked with suspicion and envy upon this little corporal who had been placed over them. But the little corporal soon demonstrated that his position could be maintained by native power, aside from official appointment.

Mr. Hanna doubtless met with some opposition at first; but it was not long before he was recognized on all sides as the natural leader of the Republican forces. His power of organization, cultivated through many years of strenuous business experience, his exact and calculated methods, his almost reckless expenditure of money, his quickness of perception and action in emergencies, his policy of concentration upon

doubtful points, all remind us of the great French general.

CAMPAIGN AMMUNITION.

This Napoleon of American politics has ruled and swayed far greater interests than Bonaparte in the height of his career. But his weapons are the instruments of peace. His armies, beside which Napoleon's legions were but a corporal's guard, are armed with torches, pamphlets, newspapers. His most deadly missiles are words of eloquence, shot from the lips of thousands of orators, or bullets of speech fired from the myriad batteries of the press.

During the campaign of '96, millions of documents, ranging from the small leaflet to the "Campaign Text-book," a well-bound volume of 456 pages, were distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land. Thousands of articles, in the form of printed slips, or put into plates ready for the press, were distributed to newspapers all over the United States. The cost of all this literary ammunition mounts into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

FOREIGN TONGUES IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

Mr. Hanna's legions are of all nationalities, like

those of the Roman armies. But for the services of competent interpreters, Mr. Hanna would need the apostolic gift of tongues in order to deal with them. One folder issued in vast numbers during the campaign was printed in twelve different languages: English, German, Italian, French, Norwegian, Swedish, Polish, Hungarian, Dutch, Bohemian,—even Hebrew and modern Greek! Mr. McKinley's speech of acceptance was printed in several languages, and a portion of it in Greek.

When I saw the Greek text of the latter, I could scarcely believe my eyes. The language of Homer, Demosthenes, Pericles,—modified, to be sure, by the lapse of centuries, but still the old classic language of Greece,—here in this new western world, its accents used to promulgate the gospel of the Republican party of the United States! Verily, times change,—and we change with them. It wrenched the idiom a bit, and McKinley, in Greek type, had an unfamiliar aspect; but there it was, in the letters made familiar to every schoolboy by Xenophon and Homer.

From an article by Luther B. Little in Munsey's Magazine for September, 1900, the following is quoted, as giving some interesting details concerning the work of a great national campaign:

"Presidential campaigns in the United States

are conducted on a tremendous scale. It is said that four years ago the Republicans alone spent thirteen millions of dollars in a little more than four months.

No department of this vast machinery receives more attention from the managers of the two great parties than the "literary bureau." While it continues, it is the greatest publishing business in the world.

Thousands of men are kept busy in writing and distributing campaign literature, which is sent forth in hundreds of millions of pieces to all parts of the United States. Moreover, carloads of documents inserted in the official record of Congress purely for campaign purposes at the direction of leaders of both parties, are printed and distributed at the expense of the government.

The average person, to whom campaign documents are almost as familiar as newspapers, knows nothing of the machinery which produces them. It is one of the most remarkable chapters in the modern complexity of politics.

Hundreds of millions of pieces of printed matter in the form of campaign literature are sent to the voters of this country in a Presidential year. Like the seed in the parable of the sower, they fall on all sorts of ground. Some fall by the wayside and are sold as old junk after

the campaign is over. Some fall among the thorns in the camps of the enemy, and a hostile political committee springs up and chokes them. Some fall into the stony ground, where there is no organization to distribute them properly, and they wither away to become wrapping paper during the next four years. But some fall into good ground and bear fruit, if not a hundred fold, at least enough to warrant all the labor and expense of the sowers who scatter them broadcast.

The average man takes some stock in what he sees in print. This inherited tendency lies behind the whole idea of sending out campaign literature. It is designed by the party managers to instruct the ignorant, to convince the wavering, to awaken those who lack interest, to arouse to greater zeal those who are already at work.

The stump orator, the brass band, the waving banners, the cheers, the personal canvass, must be supplemented by something which reaches the individual and is convincing. Ask the average man for his authority for any one of the statements he makes on the way down town. He will answer, "I read it in the paper."

He read it. He believes it. The value of the campaign document is explained. Here is revealed why expert political managers spend so

many thousands of dollars on the output of the printing presses.

EARLY CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

In the early days some of the campaign literature was as dignified, as stately, and as substantial as the founders of the republic themselves. Some of their contributions have come down as classics in the form of "The Madison Papers;" and The Federalist still illumines the history of the early days of the republic.

A half century ago the speeches of Webster, Clay, Choate, Calhoun, and their contemporaries were read and cherished by the comparatively few citizens who were so fortunate as to be on the mailing list. But it has been since that time that the preparation, publication, and distribution of campaign literature has become systematized as one of the arts of the political managers. And this is logical and natural under the changed conditions.

A great increase in this feature of campaign work has come about since 1880, when it began to assume wholesale proportions. Printing presses had become more numerous; white paper was cheaper. The foreign element in the population had increased rapidly, and must needs be educated on the political issues in its own lan-

guage. Moreover, the reconstruction period had passed. New issues which the Civil War had crowded to the rear were to divide the two great parties, and a new generation must be instructed in the intricacies of the tariff, the questions of labor and capital, and the financial problems which had been battled over for three quarters of a century, and which were presented in an acute form, involving the free coinage of silver at the rate of sixteen to one, in 1896.

The war sentiment which had made it so easy to elect and reëlect Grant in 1868 and 1872 was glowing less faintly as the struggle receded into history, and the close vote in 1876 gave a jar to the Republicans which was something new in the history of the party. It dawned on certain leaders that they could no longer count on 'more victories in the bloody shirt.' The Democrats had been inspired to hope for success by their nearness of access to power in the Tilden campaign. It may have been these facts that awoke the parties to the need of new methods.

A VAST FLOOD OF DOCUMENTS.

Campaign literature took on a fresh importance as an element of the work in 1880, and the making and distributing of it assumed huge proportions. It has been increased, so far as infor-

mation is to be had, ever since. Both parties have devoted energy, brains, and money to it. and in notable instances the quantities of documents, pamphlets, large books; and leaflets issued and scattered throughout the country have been stupendous when taken in the aggregate.

On the authority of one who helped send it out in the campaign of 1896, the Republicans distributed from the national committee headquarters, in round numbers, three hundred million pieces. It has been estimated that these documents weighed, all told, two thousand tons. Printing presses, clerks, express companies, and the post offices of New York and Chicago were brought into use in the first handling of this mass of printed matter. From Chicago two hundred million pieces were sent out; from New York one hundred million—four pieces for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

HOW IT IS PREPARED.

No "copy" in any printing office, unless it be the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where government bonds and currency are printed, is scrutinized more closely or edited with greater care than copy intended for campaign literature. Expert and experienced political managers give their close attention to this detail. Men who are

learned as regards the issues at stake, and who have that requisite of the successful politician which might be termed a knowledge of applied psychology, hold the blue pencil. Paragraphs, sentences, and words are weighed with reference to their effect on the mind of the reader. What will be of advantage in one part of the country may be useless or positively harmful in other parts. Documents which will appeal strongly to voters of one nationality will be meaningless to those of another. Facts which will appeal to business men in a metropolis are often like red rags before a bull if thrust before the eye of the prairie farmer, and all these elements are taken into the account.

The care with which special campaign documents are edited and prepared is a tacit acknowledgment of the intelligence of the voters for whom they are intended. Every statement is likely to be read and weighed and discussed in the village post office, the country store, the family circle, the clubs, saloons, and other loafing places of the cities. Moreover, campaign documents issued by either party are destined to be closely scrutinized by the enemy. The keenest brains of the other party will read and study them, and statements which may be twisted or distorted, sentences

which contain injudicious references, will be taken up and turned into boomerangs."

HIS CLEVELAND BUSINESS RELATIONS.

Mr. Hanna has been in business in Cleveland for forty years, and during all that time he has kept the esteem and respect of his business associates. If he has loomed up like a Colossus in the political world during the last few years, we must remember that he stands upon a large pedestal of business success. This pedestal has been builded by many years of earnest, strenuous life.

Cleveland's business men are proud of Mr. Hanna. It is needless to say that Mr. Hanna is proud of them and of the city which they have helped to build. In a speech before the Chamber of Commerce, on the evening of May 13th, '97, Mr. Hanna said:

"I see before me the men whose brain and talent and industry have made the city what it is. And in mentioning them I will not forget the thousands of builders—the working classes of our city; to them, as much as to ourselves, is due our greatness.

"My recollections go back to the beginning of my business career—to 1857. It was an impor-

tant year in business circles in Cleveland, a very important year, and, I might say, a good year for a young man to cut his eye teeth in.

"Coming to Cleveland to make it my home in 1852, I found here a beautiful city, of about thirty thousand inhabitants, known as the 'Forest City,' called so, I presume, because there were more native forest trees than there were houses; and you didn't have to go very far from this hotel (The Hollenden) to get into the forest.

"I have watched and studied the growth of Cleveland from a business standpoint all these years, and I am proud to be able to stand before this audience tonight and say that no city has the right to be more proud of its record and the men that made it than the city of Cleveland. Then, almost the only industry that might be so called was shipbuilding. The old river bed was lined with shipyards. The music of the saw and axe was heard by day, and that of the frogs at night."

On the occasion of the fifty-first anniversary of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, held in its new building, on the evening of June 6th, '99, the President, Mr. Greenough, said, in introducing Mr. Hanna as one of the after-dinner speakers: "If there is any man here in this Chamber who rejoices in the prosperity of this country, and

believes that it is due to the policy of the Republican party of protection and honest money, he must remember that there is no man in this country to whom we owe the existing condition of things more than we do to Mark Hanna."

In responding Mr. Hanna said: "It makes me feel old when I remember that 43 years ago I carried my little samples to the old Board of Trade room in the old Exchange at the foot of Superior street. I did not have on a dress suit or a white vest, but I had on blue over-alls. That was my first connection with the Chamber of Commerce, or, as it was called then, the Board of Trade of the City of Cleveland. I was the youngest member, perhaps, and if two certain other men are not here tonight, I might say I am the oldest member.

"I have fully appreciated what can be and what has been accomplished by such an amalgamation of capital and industry as are found in the chambers of commerce and boards of trade throughout the country. I do not care, in the few remarks I have to make tonight, to say anything upon politics or the political situation. But I merely wish to say one word with reference to the campaign of 1896, in which I took a part, and I want to go on record among my friends here tonight, and in confidence tell you that no

factor, no influence, no power in those results was felt with greater force than the united action of the business men of the whole country."

MR. HANNA'S IDEA OF POLITICAL DUTY.

Later in his address Mr. Hanna expressed his idea of what is the political duty of the business man; and it is quoted here as throwing some light upon the motives which have led Mr. Hanna himself to take such an active part in the political affairs first, of the state of Ohio, and afterwards of the nation.

"It is a misfortune," he said, "that business men and men of affairs do not take greater interest in public affairs;—call it politics if you will, it is none the less their affair;—and if things are not as they should be, if our municipal, state and national governments are not what they should be, it is our fault.

"It is our fault because we never feel that it is necessary to leave our homes at night, or neglect our business by day, to spend one minute or one hour for our city, state or country, only when a crisis comes,—and then we do it with the sudden motive of self-preservation.

"When we complain of the laws which are passed at our state capital, we should reflect that

we are responsible for the agents that we send there to enact those laws.

"If we find fault with the administration of our city affairs, we must remember that we stayed at home the night of the primaries, and took no part in the selection of the officers to whom we entrusted our city government."

THE BRAND OF THE BOSS.

Continuing, Mr. Hanna said: "If a man takes a prominent part in public affairs, and becomes conspicuous because of his isolated position, whose fault is it? It is the fault of the men who will not stand shoulder to shoulder with him and help him do that work.

"If a man has the ambition to do right, and do good by his fellow men, and is willing to neglect his business and devote his time to those interests, is it right because he is willing to lead and none will follow, that that isolation shall brand him as a boss?

"All men are more or less selfish; but I claim that a man who has the nerve and the courage to run the risk of being called a politician, who will step out and devote time and energy and what capabilities he is endowed with to benefit his fellow men in city, state or nation, is entitled to the support of his kind.

"Otherwise, what follows? The men who want to do politics for the trade, for what there is in it, are immediately arrayed against him.

"I am glad to have had the opportunity, in the interest of clean politics, in the interest of good government, to urge you and to pray with you from this hour to constitute yourselves a committee of the whole to take hold of affairs in this our beloved city, and stand by and with the men who are for the right and for good government, and see to it that their hands are strengthened, their motives not questioned, their efforts approved and sustained by every honest man, high or low.

"Do not condemn them, do not call them politicians, do not belittle them, do not feel that they are humiliated by taking a part in politics; but admit that they have motives as pure and as good as yours, that there are men who will make sacrifices for the public good."

If ever any man was maligned for the part he has taken in politics, Mr. Hanna is that man. Is it possible that he has deserved to be lampooned, slandered, caricatured by the artists of the Democratic press, hounded with accusations of selfish motives, and otherwise libelled as he has been for the past five years, merely because he has put into

practice the theory of political duty announced in the words above-quoted?

A CHILLING EXPERIENCE.

If Plutarch were writing this sketch of Mr. Hanna he would have some tales of the supernatural to tell; some instance of ghostly visitation, or of interference by the gods. If the following event had not been reported by the press, and thus recorded as a mere coincidence, it might in time have been narrated as an instance of supernatural interference in behalf of the Democratic party. Mr. Hanna in his campaign speeches a year ago had made several references to the ice trust, in which prominent Democrats of New York were interested.

One day (Oct. 4) while he was addressing a large crowd in a tent at the corner of 65th and Halsted streets, Chicago, a huge block of ice fell or was thrown from a tall building nearby, and came crashing through the tent. It grazed Mr. Hanna's shoulder as it fell, and was shattered into fragments at his feet. If it had struck him on the head, it would certainly have killed him.

How easy, in a superstitious age, for this incident to be interpreted as a supernatural interference! Olympian Apollo, discarding his clanging bow and arrows for a weapon more suitable

to the occasion, aimed this block of ice at the head of Achilles, leader of his people's enemies. This knock-down argument, though by virtue of bad marksmanship (unusual to Apollo, the far-darter) it did not kill his enemy, would certainly have killed his cause, in the minds of a Homeric people! The ice trust would have received celestial sanction, and immunity from all anti-trust legislation forevermore. Whether the enthusiasm of the meeting was chilled by this unexpected demonstration from above, the writer does not know. Very likely Mr. Hanna's ready wit turned it to good account. He certainly dealt in the sort of arguments that would "cut ice." He knew a few things about ice, and the trust that had cornered it.

HANNA'S MILITARY RECORD.

Mr. Hanna is a veteran of the Civil War. Whether his rheumatism is the result of his hard drilling during the 100 days of his enlistment the deponent saith not. At any rate, he has not applied for a pension on that ground.

As to military honors, Mr. Hanna probably got as many of them as the other boys in Company C of the 150th Ohio. He was the first lieutenant of the company. The regiment was mustered into the U. S. volunteer service on May 5, 1864, to

serve 100 days. Companies A and H, inclusive, were all from Cleveland, and were made up of the flower of Cleveland's younger citizens.

The regiment left home for the front on Thursday, May 12th, marching to the old depot to the inspiring music of Jack Leland's famous band, which was a part of the organization.

The regiment was ordered to Washington, and put on garrison duty in the forts which constituted the capitol's chain of defenses. It remained there during the term of its enlistment, participating in the fight with a part of Early's rebel corps, July 10 and 11.

While Mr. Hanna's service in the war did not offer him an opportunity for winning special laurels, it no doubt served to give him a deep sympathy with the sufferings and trials of those who fought on bloody fields for their country's existence as a nation.

The young lieutenant was popular with his comrades, and was then, even more than now, "a jolly good fellow."

William J. Gleason, in a historical sketch of the 150th Regiment, says: "The jolly, auburn-haired, freckle-faced youth that served as first lieutenant of Company C in 1864 is now universally recognized as one of the most eminent men of this nation; a tireless, brainy, unequalled

political leader, universally and favorably known. I refer to Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, successful business man and senator from the great state of Ohio."

Senator Wolcott of Colorado was a member of Company D; Gov. Nash of Ohio was in Company K; Nathan Perry Payne was in Hanna's company; Allan T. Brinsmade was in Company H; Moses G. Watterson in Company F. In the roster of Hanna's company, emblazoned on the walls of the magnificent Soldiers and Sailors' Monument in Cleveland's Public Square, are names which are now among the most honored of the city: Alvord, Brainard, Ford, Gaylord, Hoyt, McMillan, Payne, and many others.

THAT OTIS BRIBERY CASE.

If this were a biography instead of an outline sketch, it would need to deal in detail with the charges of bribery in the Ohio legislature on the occasion of Mr. Hanna's election to the United States Senate. I forced my way through the tangled jungle of reports and discussions in the Congressional Record, Vol. 33, pp. 6585 to 6635. I was too much exhausted to form any rational conclusion. It is the old chorus of "Katy-did" and "Katy-didn't."

One gets the impression that there was a vast

deal of fussing for partisan purposes. Why were these so-called patriots so anxious to convict a politician of using money to gain a vote?

Politicians of both parties are constantly doing that.

Let us not assume these airs of superior sanctity. We are all pots, and our bottoms are all sooty. If some are more so than others, that is no excuse for pointing at them with such a show of holy scorn. I fancy that the "honorable men" who were so zealous in denouncing this Caesar had designs of their own, entirely apart from the ends of justice. It is usually the scribes and Pharisees who clamor for the sinner's blood. When men who are without sin begin to throw stones, it is time enough for the public to join with them.

Mr. Hanna may have been guilty, or one of his representatives may have been guilty; the Lord only knows. Nobody can tell from the evidence. "If there was any guilt of the sort," says one of Mr. Hanna's friends, "it was a case of fighting the devil with fire, and whipping him as he deserved. Any one who knows the treacherous plot that was formed against Mr. Hanna will say that much. There is honor even among thieves; but not always among politicians; though thieves

and politicians sometimes have other things in common; stolen goods, for instance."

We must look broadly at these things, brothers. Whilst the masses of the people are so indifferent, politics will be chiefly a game for spoils; and such a game is always a corrupt one. Where so many of the political workers are rascals, a saint could not succeed by saintliness. A good man may have to be elected by questionable methods; but it is better to elect a good man by such methods than a bad one.

I am not defending bribery and corruption. I am only saying that when you are in Rome, you may be forced to do as Romans do, however much you may dislike it.

THE TRAFFIC IN VOTES.

Mr. Hanna's name has been used by his enemies almost as a synonym for bribery and corruption in politics. It is presumed that a man who has had the disposal of such immense sums of money would be more than human if he never used it for anything but paying the bills of printers and the traveling expenses of campaign speakers.

It is a well-known fact that there are thousands of votes to be had for cash, in every great election contest. Doubtless one party is as good

as the other, so far as the purchasing of votes is concerned. If one party can afford to buy more votes than the other, that does not make it the more guilty party. Where each is as dishonest as it can afford to be, there is little choice on moral grounds.

Whether the charges of dishonesty on the part of both our great political parties are true or false, just or exaggerated, the fact is that most of us are swayed by personal interests in our political affiliations.

I know a man, and there are certainly many others like him, who rejoices in every election day as a sure source of revenue to himself. He openly confesses to the sale of his suffrage. He says, "His vote is all a poor man has these days, and he must make the most of it."

Tariffs, theories of currency, are deep mysteries to his simple mind. He is not able to grasp the remote rewards which the politicians promise; but the price of his vote he can grasp, and put safely into his breeches' pocket. That is a concrete benefit, indisputable, real. The others are remote, uncertain, and matters of dispute. He purposely omits to vote until late in the day; for then, he says, in the closing heat of the race, the bidding is likely to be higher.

But do we not, most of us, sell our votes to the

highest bidder, or to him whose offer seems to our best advantage? Who votes otherwise than for that which promises to put the most money into his own pocket? Is not this the chief cry of the demagogue,—"Advantage, advantage, to thee and thine, good voter; do but cast thy vote for me, and I will put money in thy purse. Larger wages, more money, lower prices for what thou must buy and higher for what thou wilt sell,—all these, and more, shalt thou achieve for thyself if thou but vote as I bid thee."

My neighbor raises lemons, not that his fellow citizens in the east may have lemonade, but that he himself may get dollars. When he votes, he votes to protect his lemons by high tariffs laid on fruit from the Mediterranean. Does not this man sell his vote as truly as the man above-mentioned? He is not thinking of the general benefit to the country of a judicious protective tariff. He is not thinking of the larger wages he can afford to pay his laborers because of his larger profits on his lemons. He thinks of his own interests, and votes for them only.

Another man believes that the free coinage of silver would somehow better his condition. If more money were to be made, he would somehow get his share of it. He does not think of the loss to his creditors. He has agreed to pay his neigh-

bor fifty gallons of good wine. He dilutes it with twenty-five gallons of water, and expects his neighbor to accept fifty gallons of this mixture in payment of the obligation, which will leave to the good man himself twenty-five gallons for the payment of other debts. He does not think of the effect of this sort of practice upon the wine industry, or trade in general. He thinks of his own interests, and foolishly believes that they will be served by this sharp practice. It is selfishness, and mistaken selfishness, which is always the worst kind. But he sells his vote to the party which promises him this foolish benefit, and mourns if his cause is defeated by wiser heads.

Alas, that there is little but selling of votes in this Republic! It is the old strife, which began in the jungle, for self and self interests. That we use ballots instead of claws or teeth or bullets makes the strife none the less a battle to the death.

And yet, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him." Out of strife cometh forth progress. The march of civilization goes steadily forward, even though its legions trample the dead and wounded beneath their feet.

HIS LITERARY TASTES.

Mr. Hanna is fond of the drama, but cares little

or nothing for poetry. Here is his nature again revealed. He belongs to the phenomenal world. So long as the poet's fancies remain in the world of fancy, invisible, intangible, this man of flesh will have none of them. Put them upon the stage, embody them in figures that move and speak and act, translate them into terms of human life, he will appreciate and enjoy them. He loves Shakespeare, who above all other men, could

"Give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

In fiction, he loves writers like Dickens and Hugo, whose magic seizes upon all the elements of the world and out of them constructs new worlds to fascinate and delight the reader.

It is needless to say that Mr. Hanna does not read Kant and Schopenhaur. Their world is not his world. He is rock, granite, iron, copper. They are sun-beams, star-rays,—perhaps Mr. Hanna would say, moonshine!

But possibly Mr. Hanna appreciates men of the philosophical order quite as well as many of them appreciate men of his practical kind. Men of ideas and men of affairs are quite likely to misunderstand and underestimate each other.

The transcendentalist sees only ideas. To him the world is a fleeting phenomenon. It is related

that one day when Theodore Parker and R. W. Emerson were walking together on a Boston street a Millerite rushed up and predicted the speedy ending of the world. Mr. Emerson replied calmly that he thought he might get on very well without it!

Men like Mr. Hanna cannot get on without a material world. They must have downright physical elements to work in. They must delve for coal, oil, copper; they must clear away forests, and in the place of them construct cities and railways; they are hungry for things, and do not pine for poems and systems of speculative philosophy.

And yet, in a very real sense, Mr. Hanna is an educated man. This word education has not commonly the broad meaning which it ought to have. It stands yet too exclusively for that culture and knowledge derived from books, or from oral instruction. It ought to include that knowledge of practical affairs which comes as a result of experience in the world of things.

Many a so-called educated man knows little or nothing of the things which touch him most closely in his every-day life. He knows about the chariots of the Greeks and Romans, but cannot harness a horse to a modern buggy. He knows the chemistry of foods, but cannot raise a hill of corn or potatoes. He can talk learnedly of the dwell-

ings of primitive man, and has at his tongue's end the various styles of architecture developed in the world; but he does not know how his own house is built; how bricks and shingles are made; how lumber is sawn and dressed.

He can tell you of the mural paintings of Pompeii, and the hieroglyphs of Egyptian tombs and pyramids; but he cannot mix a pot of paint for his own door posts, nor glaze a sash in his own window. He is versed in the costumes of the ancients, and knows the construction of the sandal, the chiton, the tunic, the toga; but he cannot cobble his own shoes, nor mend a rent in his own trousers.

He knows of the tools and weapons of the Assyrians and Babylonians, the Greeks and Romans, the Egyptians and Hindoos; but he cuts his fingers with his own jacknife, and digs his foot with his own garden hoe; and as for the mysteries of the bit and augur, the jack plane and hand saw, he wots not of them; he has not proved them.

The inefficiency and ignorance of the "educated" man, in the domain of common things, has long served to point a joke and adorn a paragraph. And yet, his knowledge of books gains him the reverence and respect of the laboring man, whose attainments and skill in practical things the schol-

ar too often disregards. It is time that this over-exaltation of "book-learning" should cease, and the attainments of the laborer and artisan and business manager be included in the term education. It is time that the young mechanic should mitigate his envy of the student, and perceive that he himself may be an educated man, through strict attention to his tasks.

MR. HANNA AND THE COLLEGE MAN.

Mr. Hanna attended the exercises on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary at East Cleveland. The exercises were held in a huge tent on the campus. The Professors and the several classes had filed solemnly in, and taken their seats; the seniors, in caps and gowns, moving with becoming dignity. The platform was filled with notables. It was an impressive scene.

There was a slight commotion at one end of the platform. A large, broad-faced, genial-looking man was seen making his way to a chair reserved for him. He walked with a cane, and limped perceptibly.

"There's Mark Hanna!" was the whisper that went round; and many eyes were turned upon him. He took his seat, with a ponderous but quiet dignity, and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

It was a warm day, and the tent was packed like a political convention.

The exercises proceeded. A choir of young men rendered several fine selections; one of them being the "Pilgerchor," from Wagner's Tannhauser. Dr. Josiah Strong, of New York, gave the address of the day. It was a broad, comprehensive treatment of the industrial situation.

Mr. Hanna was listening. If it had been a discourse on Dr. Schliemann's excavations at the site of ancient Troy, he might have been bored. He is not interested in antiquities. Men of his stamp are interested in the excavation of coal and iron.

The address was long, and, as I have said, the day was very warm. But Mr. Hanna listened, with perhaps more interest than many of the audience. Here was a man who was showing some appreciation of the sort of work Mr. Hanna and his class have done and are still doing, in building the foundations of our wonderful civilization. There was occasional applause, in which Mr. Hanna joined. As Dr. Strong concluded, with a fine peroration, even Jupiter applauded, with several peals of thunder.

There were some concluding formalities, in which Mr. Hanna did not seem to be so much interested. The seniors received their diplomas, with becoming modesty and blushes. Mr. Hanna

was getting a bit weary, and shifted restlessly in his chair. Diplomas do not mean very much to him. They do not mean very much to the graduate himself, after he has been out of college for twenty years or so.

"The mice nibbled holes in mine, several years ago," whispered a business man at my side, who had been one of my college chums twenty years ago.

The assembly was dismissed. Mr. Hanna was lost in the crowd. But he appeared again, some time afterward, in the huge tent where the banquet was to be held.

Long tables groaned with eatables. There was a buzz and roar of conversation from over a thousand alumni; there were greetings and handshakings, reminiscences and laughter.

When all the good things had disappeared down throats that seemed to have recovered their former capacity for both swallowing and yelling, the President, Mr. Thwing, began to introduce the speakers of the day. When he came to Mr. Hanna, every ear was alert.

I have referred, in the opening of this sketch, to President Thwing's remarks. Mr. Hanna's words may be of interest to the reader.

"It was with great reluctance," he said, after the vociferous greeting had subsided, "that I was

prevailed upon to come out here and make a speech before all you college men. Your President's introduction has placed me under great embarrassment. It has added to the humidity of the atmosphere," continued Mr. Hanna, wiping the trickling perspiration from his broad face.

"Yes, I was once a student in this institution. The question came up, in our family councils, whether I should go to work, or go to college. I wanted to go to work. My mother said I should go to college. So I went. I was taking a course in science. There were three of us in the class. The other two left, and then I was alone.

"I was young, innocent, confiding. One day some of the sophomores induced me to help distribute copies of a burlesque program of the exercises of the junior class. I stood on the steps, handing them to the audience as they passed in. The President of the college came along. He grasped me by the shoulder and asked, 'Young man, what are you doing?' I replied that I was distributing literature, in the interests of education and morality.

"I quit college soon after that. The faculty seemed to be resigned to my absence. One day the President met me on the street. I had on blue overalls, and was hard at work. He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, Well,

I guess you have found your right place! And I thought so, too. I liked work better than study. I have been hard at work ever since. Boys, don't be ashamed of work or overalls."

It has been several years since Mr. Hanna has worn overalls, but he has kept steadily at work. He has probably never missed the diploma which he failed to get. But he now wears the title Doctor of Laws, bestowed upon him by Kenyon College. His friends think he need not be ashamed of it. They say that he has earned it. But, after all, it is only a ribbon on the lion's neck.

CLEVELAND ITEMS.

While Mr. Hanna is a patriotic American with the welfare of the whole country at heart, he is most loyal to the City of Cleveland and its interests. He has a charming home on the West Side, in a section which in many respects is the most desirable of any in Cleveland for residence purposes. Mr. Hanna was a pioneer in opening up this section, and has been active in promoting general improvements. Here he spends that portion of the year not occupied with his duties as Senator at Washington.

Mr. Hanna's business interests all center in Cleveland. He is president of the Union National Bank, president of the Cleveland City Railway

Company, operating eighty-five miles of track; is prominently identified with the lake-carrying trade, owning many vessels, one of which bears his name; is connected with large coal and iron interests and various other enterprises; and is reputed to be worth in the aggregate several millions of dollars.

Mr. Hanna has just cause to be proud of Cleveland and her industries. Cleveland is the largest city in Ohio, and the seventh in size in the United States. She has 46 banks, not including those organized under the building laws, of which there are 27. More than 150 railroad trains daily are required, besides the vessels, to handle her enormous traffic. She is well provided with schools and churches, and is the home of Western Reserve University and the Case School of Applied Science. Her iron and steel industries give employment to thousands of laborers. She has the largest carbon works in the world, the largest salt works, largest chewing gum factory, largest malleable iron works in the United States, the largest arcade building, and the finest soldiers' monument west of New York, costing $300,000.

She has the greatest political manager in the world, but Mr. Hanna does not mention that.

Cleveland has over 90 million dollars invested

in manufactures, and her annual output is about 125 millions.

She has magnificent parks and boulevards, and her Euclid avenue has long been famous as the finest street in America.

One of Cleveland's most notable structures is the viaduct connecting the east and west sections of the city. It was completed in 1878, and cost $1,600,000.

The Garfield Memorial is a handsome monument to the memory of our martyred President, on a commanding site in East Cleveland, not far from the buildings of Western Reserve University.

The greatest telescope in the world, the Yerkes, belonging to the University of Chicago, was constructed in Cleveland, only the glass for the lenses coming from abroad. It cost over half a million dollars.

Cleveland is the largest iron ore market in the world. The enormous iron ore industry of Lake Superior, and its distribution to the world, center in Cleveland. It represents an investment of nearly 200 millions of dollars. Next to Clyde, England, Cleveland is the largest shipbuilding center in the world. The tonnage entering the port has in a single year equalled that of Liverpool. If the recent experiment of an ocean-going

line of steamers from Chicago shall prove successful, there is no saying what greatness Cleveland may develop in shipping.

MR. HANNA'S SHIPPING INTERESTS.

When Mr. Hanna became interested in the vessel business on the Great Lakes, thirty years ago, that business was in its infancy. The largest vessel in the ore trade at that time carried only 600 tons. Now there are steel steamers plying between the mines of Lake Superior and the Lake Erie ports which carry 6,000 tons. The river above and below Detroit, through which passes all this traffic, has become a busy thoroughfare. Puffing steam tugs, the little leviathans of our modern waters, ply back and forth between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, each one towing one or more sailing vessels. Freight and passenger steamers alternate with these. It is a procession of the world's industry. The vessels reported as passing Detroit in one day, in the height of the season, number above one hundred.

Think of it! Here is lumber from the sawmills of Michigan; iron and copper ore from the mines of Lake Michigan and Lake Superior; coal for Chicago and Duluth, from the mines of Ohio and Pennsylvania; stone from Lake Erie quarries, to be used in the great buildings of Detroit, Chicago

and other western cities; structural steel from the mills of Ohio and Pennsylvania, for bridges, shipbuilding and the business blocks of great cities; provisions, oil, merchandise of every sort; representing almost every department of human industry.

In all this vast movement of commerce Mr. Hanna has played and still plays a prominent part. The interests of M. A. Hanna & Co. are among the largest on the Lakes.

The immense growth of the shipping business on the Lakes has been due in no small degree to Government aid and encouragement. At the expense of Government, harbors have been improved, channels deepened, lighthouses established, canals and locks constructed; and through legislation protecting American shipping from competition with Canadian vessels, the American vessel owners of the Lakes have been encouraged and supported until now the building and managing of the Lake vessels gives employment to thousands of men, and brings prosperity to thousands of American homes.

THE SHIP SUBSIDY BILL.

It was but natural that Mr. Hanna, seeing the growth of the shipping interests on the Great Lakes, through the encouragement of Govern-

ment, should have become interested in strengthening the shipping interests of the coast. Mr. Hanna is a most patriotic American. He does not write poems of patriotism, in fact, he does not read them. If he did, he would admire the patriotism, not the poetry.

But Mr. Hanna does what poets cannot do. He inaugurates and manages vast industrial and commercial enterprises, which shall make our country prosperous and happy, and worthy to be written about by poets and other dreamers of dreams.

Mr. Hanna is not content to have American flags on the flag-poles of our public parks, and on the schoolhouses of the land. He wants to see them waving from the masts of vessels all along the Atlantic coast. He wants to see them waving in the blue sky over the Great Lakes, from Michigan to New York State; fluttering above the rolling waves of the Atlantic and Pacific, carrying the story of a great nation's prosperity to foreign lands. He wants to see the earth girdled with American flags, floating from the masts of American ships; so that wherever the Sun-god Phoebus drives in his golden car he shall be saluted by this fluttering emblem.

The Ship Subsidy Bill represented Mr. Hanna's plan for realizing this consummation so devoutly to be wished. Undoubtedly Mr. Hanna

was sincere and unselfish in his advocacy of this measure. Certainly he had no axe of his own to grind. Whatever faults the bill may have had, its avowed and unmistakable object was to build up American commercial interests, on lines which had long been followed in other enterprises as well as by other nations.

"The tonnage under the American flag in the foreign trade, in 1861, was more than three times larger than in 1900," said Mr. Hanna in his Senate speech: "yet, our foreign commerce is fully four times larger now than then."

Here is a fact,—surely a deplorable fact. This is not a theory, it is a condition. Facing this condition, Mr. Hanna proposed that something ought to be done. We can all agree with him on that point; and as to *what* ought to be done, we can trust the assembled wisdom and experience of Congress to determine that. Partisan politics are out of place, in the discussion of this question. It is one which concerns the interests of all citizens alike.

Government encouragement and aid do not necessarily mean monopoly and robbery on the part of the interests involved. In the Lake Trade, rates of transportation have declined in proportion as the industry has grown. Thirty years ago, the rate on ore from Lake Superior was three to three

and a half dollars a gross ton. The rate today is from sixty cents to one dollar. And yet, sailors and dock men are receiving larger wages than they did thirty years ago. All products in which these ores are used are cheaper now than then. The American people are richer because of this growth of the Lake vessel interests. These are facts, and they ought not to be lost sight of, in any discussion of this subject.

THE GREAT AMERICAN EMPIRE.

Mr. Hanna has been accused of representing Imperialism in America. So far as an Imperialism like that of ancient Rome or some modern European countries is concerned, the charge is absurd and groundless. But there is another sort of Imperialism which Mr. Hanna, or any other man, ought not to be ashamed of representing; that is, the growing commercial supremacy of what Chief Justice Marshall once called the American Empire.

The United States is steadily gaining the lead in manufactures of all kinds. The wide world is her market. Gov. Shaw, of Iowa, states that the cost of railway transportation in this country is one-third less than that of Europe, and quotes statistics from England and Germany. This means advantage to our manufacturers. Amer-

ican enterprise is opening markets for American goods wherever ships can carry them. Anything that will increase our merchant marine will certainly be an advantage to the entire country.

It is a picture to inspire one with poetry and eloquence,—this Great American Empire rising like a dream out of the wilderness of this western continent in so brief a period. The dawning of the twentieth century sees this new nation leading the nations of the world. It is the Empire of the People.

In the dark ages of the past, Imperialism meant the rule of one, and that one oftener bad than good. The Imperialism that is growing and shaping itself in this our great American Commonwealth is the rule of a great and dominant People.

To this superior race, half savage races must be as children, submitting to its beneficent dominion. Shall we fear the outcome? Shall we accuse this People of tyranny and despotism?

The march of destiny cannot be stayed. Fate hath pronounced her Word. Here in this new world a new Empire shall arise and flourish; the Empire of the People.

Its flag shall float above the islands of the farthest seas. Dusky tribes shall sit beneath the shadow of its Eagle's wings. Its arms of steel

shall clash for human brotherhood. Not slaves, not victims, shall its vanquished foes become; but children, younger brethren, in a vast eternal family.

The People's Empire! Let it grow and strengthen! No chance or accident of birth shall open gates to power or honor. Natural power, talent, wisdom, skill, shall rule.

THE CORPORATION AND ITS MEN.

One of the most common charges brought against Mr. Hanna is that he is the friend and patron of trusts and corporations. Those who know Mr. Hanna have learned that he is no more the friend of corporations than he is the friend of the workingmen employed by corporations. There is a certain class of demagogues who either do not see this fact, or who dishonestly ignore it and conceal it.

The fact is, industrial organization is the friend and helper of the working man.

It is not the friend of the lazy and the vicious, the blatant talker and the loud reformer; but it serves the workers who are organized under its banner, and leads them to victory in the battle of industry.

These officers, these generals and captains of

industry, are the leaders of the rank and file, who could not fight without them.

The day of military conquest has gone by. In this age we have occasional skirmishes to settle some petty quarrel. But the day of the Cæsars, Alexanders, Napoleons, has gone, never to return.

The battle of today is the battle of Industry, the warfare of man against want, famine, and the elements of nature. Your workmen are the legions who march and fight. They cannot fight without officers and leaders. A leaderless army is a mob.

In the old order of competition, these regiments were pitted against each other. The shoemakers of one regiment, for instance, were waging battle against the shoe-makers of another. This order of things is now rapidly giving place to a more rational mode of warfare.

These regiments of industrial soldiers are uniting under one common standard, one common leader. They are presenting a united front to the enemy. Before their solid ranks the demon-legions of hunger and want are fast retreating.

Shall we denounce this coalition, discharge and execute our officers, and as a blind and leaderless mob set out to fight our battles?

These Captains of Industry have good pay, as is their right. Your privates must not demand the pay of generals and colonels. They cannot obtain it, even by discharging these generals and colonels. Armies that mutiny and rebel usually end in dissolution and destruction.

If any one supposes that I expect to convert all Socialists to these views, he is very much mistaken. Too many Socialists are so not from reason, but rather from lack of reason. They are swayed by sentiment, if nothing worse. Many of them are bigoted and intolerant, full of carping and denunciation, and no statement of reason appeals to them. Such, when they have exhausted their every argument, will still point to their own poverty, and shriek, "Here is an indubitable and indisputable fact. I am poor, Jones is rich. Why should this be so?"

That there are good and benevolent people, even people of substantial means, who are Socialists, I do not deny. That there are sane things in the doctrine of Socialism, I do not deny. But that Socialism is sound as a philosophical system I cannot believe. Its alleged benefits would be offset by so many positive evils, that it could not improve the general condition of society. Herbert Spencer has clearly stated most of these evils in his "Plea for Liberty."

Socialism is despotism. In it, the individual would have no freedom. If unbridled individualism may lead to tyranny and oppression, what might not Socialism lead to, with its ponderous machinery of government, its endless bureaus, the spoil of political knaves, its domination of the individual on every hand by the armed forces of the state? Surely, the larger freedom which we all long for does not lie in that direction.

A PEN-PICTURE BY MR. WHITE.

A sketch of Mr. Hanna by William Allen White, printed in McClure's Magazine for November, 1900, is so brilliant and interesting that generous selections from it are given here, with the permission of the S. S. McClure Co., N. Y.:

"Mr. Herbert Spencer holds that life is a series of relations, and that man and the other creatures of the earth are the reflections of their environment. Assuming the truth of Spencer's contention, it may be instructive to know something of Marcus Alonzo Hanna's habitat. Cleveland, Ohio, like Falmouth, 'is a fine town, with ships in the bay.' The smoke of a thousand furnaces stains the sky, and the clang of iron with the tinkle of gongs forms the din of a restless commerce. It is a town of workers. Men talk business at the clubs and talk shop in the saloons;

they take their business to bed with them o' nights. There are beautiful homes on broad avenues, that lead away from the lowlands where forges glow. There are decent public buildings scattered along the streets where the tall, well-designed business houses do most congregate; and there are pretty parks and respectable statues and appropriate monuments in the wide public squares. The homes, the public buildings, the commercial strongholds, the parks and their adornments, are preëminently up to date. They are clearly possessed of 'every modern convenience.' They would rent well. Down toward the mouth of one of the city caverns, before it spills its human stream into the industrial cauldron that swirls below the hills, stands a square, red-stone building. In the sixth floor of this building is a suite of rooms. On the door entering this suite is the legend:

M. A. HANNA & CO.,
COAL, IRON ORE,
AND
PIG IRON.

The inner room of this suite is a large room. On the walls of the room, which is finished in mahogany, are a number of photographs of Hanna's home under the elm trees, surrounded by grass and flowers; also photographs of the mem-

bers of the Republican National Committee, and a photograph of the interior of a power-house, where four huge engines—all trim and solid and mechanically eloquent of power—stand waiting the touch of the master to release their energy. The photographs look down on a heavy mahogany director's table with massive round legs. On the table is a litter of blue prints—engines and architects' designs—embryo boats and power-houses, and smoke-stacks, and many strange cross-sections and ground views, and perspectives of industrial edifices. Solid chairs of nondescript design sit near the edge of a crimson rug. In a corner near the broad, deep window stands a massive desk. At the desk, leaning heavily on a clutter of letters and documents, is a stocky, long-bodied man, with his small feet hooked desperately to the supports of a pivoting chair. He whirls about nervously, and his quizzical, humorous smile animates the place and humanizes it. Hanna's personality exudes from everything. The photographs of the great engines become vitally a part of him. The blue prints seem to crystallize themselves into him. The politicians' faces, the chairs, the table with the shapeless legs, all in an instant become living, component parts of this man's existence. The room, the building, the town on the inland sea—they are parts of him and

products of him, and he is a part and product of them.

Hanna is an American type. Five years ago he was engrossed in business. A crisis occurred in the country's history—partly of his own making. He sloughed off business. He became a political leader, and—as patriots go—a patriot. By sheer mechanical force, using money, the one lever which God gave him mastery of, Hanna set millions of flags to waving, and manufactured and distributed, securely wrapped in packages of assorted sizes ready for immediate consumption, more lofty ideals of civic integrity than the country had consumed before in a score of years. A weaker man than Hanna, with more emotion in his make-up, might have felt more deeply and perhaps more intelligently, but only a man like Hanna could have acted in the time of stress so wisely. With the cold, practical energy of a trip-hammer, Hanna converted dollars into patriotism, and saved the nation from calamity. While he was at his work men reviled him, bullied him, abused him—just as they do today.

"Which knowledge vexes him a space;
But while reproof around him rings,
He turns a keen, untroubled face
Home to the instant need of things."

The story of his life epitomizes the biographies of thousands of other successful Americans. It is the dramatization of energy—the romance of industrial achievement. In another one hundred years, perhaps, such romances will seem as remote from the life then living as stories of our Western border, bloody with Indian wars, appear today. Opportunity may not always stand knocking on the gate for American youths. But at any rate, the story of Hanna's rise is a brave tale, and one well worth the telling.

HANNA'S EARLY BUSINESS EXPERIENCE.

Hanna was born in Ohio sixty-three years ago. Of his ancestry it is sufficient to say that he is a member of the Scotch-Irish society of Philadelphia, in full communion and good standing. His grandfather was bound out to a Quaker, and for the one hundred years last past the Hannas have been Quakers. In 1852 Hanna's father moved to Cleveland, and brought his seven children along. The elder Hanna started a grocery store, trading more or less in a wholesale way, on the lakes, particularly in the Lake Superior country. Young Mark plodded through the public schools and got enough education to admit him to the Western Reserve University. But in 1857, after a year in

college, he returned to Cleveland to learn the grocery business, which was growing, and had become exclusively a wholesale concern, with customers all over the lake region. A year or so later the elder Hanna sickened, and the management of the store fell on the boy, Mark. It was a heavy load to carry for a young man, barely past his majority, but the responsibility put iron into him, and gave him the luck stone of his life—the habit of industry. It schooled him, as no university can, in the use of grit and self-reliance and courage. It made a man of him at the time of life when other youths are addicted to the picnic habit. In 1862 the father died, and the young man took charge of the business for the estate. When he closed up the store successfully five years later, he knew all about the grocery business, and his energy was proverbial in the town of Cleveland. He was thirty years old when he married, and went into business with his father-in-law, Daniel P. Rhodes. The firm, Rhodes & Co., dealt in coal, iron ore, and pig iron. That was a generation ago. Young Hanna threw himself into that business with passionate enthusiasm. He learned the iron trade from the bottom, omitting no circumstance. He was insatiably curious. He had an artist's thirst to know the how of things. He learned about coal mines and bought coal lands,

learned about ore and bought mines, learned about boats and bought boats. Then he took his iron and his coal, and he built the first steel boats that ever plowed the lakes. He established foundries and forges and smelters. Men worked for him from Western Pennsylvania to the base of the Rockies. He knew his men and he knew the work they did. He knew the value of a day's work, and he got it—he also paid for it. Where there was labor trouble, the contest was short and decisive. Hanna met the men himself. Either things were right or they were wrong. If he thought they were wrong, he fixed them on the spot. If he believed they were right, the work went on. In the early seventies the miners in the Rhodes & Co.'s mines formed a union. Hanna studied the union as he studied mines and ores and ships. He mastered its details, got the hang of it, and got up another union—a union of employers. Then when the men at a mine had troubles, they conferred not with the mine operator, but with the mine operators' union. The two unions got along without friction, until the walking delegate found himself deposed, after which Hanna's union dissolved. But the mining operators' union gave the first public recognition to organize labor which it had received at that time, and the invention was Hanna's. It was a practi-

cal thing. After the dissolution of the mine operators' union there was trouble. A number of arrests followed some shaft burning. Hanna went down to Western Ohio to prosecute the men under arrest. They were defended by a young man named McKinley—William McKinley—and he did his work so well that most of the miners went scot-free, and those convicted got short terms. Hanna took a liking to the young lawyer whose tactics had won the legal battle which Hanna had lost. A friendship began which is now famous in contemporaneous history. Hanna had won his point in the strike. Perhaps he was in a mellow expansive mood which may have tempered his admiration for the attorney for the strikers.

HANNA BRANCHES OUT.

The regularity with which Hanna won in his labor contests gave him business prestige. He says that he never let the men deal fairer with him than he dealt with them. His office door swings inward as easily on its hinges for the dollar-a-day man as for the superintendent. But they say in Cleveland that there is an automatic spring on it for the chronic grumbler, for the shirker, and for the walking delegate. The door swings out upon these men with force and emphasis.

For Hanna is a hard worker. He asks none of his employees to work as hard as he does. He has the intelligence which makes work easy and increases the capacity to do work. Genius is something of that sort. Hanna's secret is system. After he had reduced mining to a system, he added shipping, then he reduced that to a system and took on shipbuilding. Reducing that to its lowest terms, where the machinery works smoothly, Hanna built a street railway—made the cars of his coal and iron, and the rails of his steel. When he came to man that railway—the Cleveland City Street Railway—he had reduced the labor problem to such an exact science that there has never been a strike on that system, although the cars of other lines in Cleveland are tied up frequently. About this time he took a fancy to the theatrical business. He bought the town opera house and began studying the gentle art of making friends with the theatrical stars of the world. He learned the business of friendship thus as thoroughly as he learned the iron and coal and steel and ship and railway business. He omitted no detail; he went the whole length—put on a play by Mr. Howells, and invited the author out to see the job done properly. Today Hanna has the friendship of men like Jefferson, Irving, Francis Wilson, Robson, Crane—all of them, and the best of the play-

wrights. They know the appreciative eyes that laugh so easily, and he knows all the actors' stories and can find the paths that lead to their hearts. In the early eighties—apparently by way of diversion or because Satan finds some evil work for idle hands to do—when the coal, iron ore, pig iron, steel, shipping, railway, and theatrical business became nerve-wracking monotony, Hanna started a bank. He took the presidency of it, and devoured the minutiæ of the new business ravenously. When he was watching the wheels go around, looking at the levers and cogs, and making the bank part of his life, Hanna began to notice remarkable movements in the works. Some years the fly-wheel would not revolve. At other times it whirled too rapidly. He went through the machinery with hammer and screws, but he found that the trouble lay outside the bank. He traced it to iron ore, through that to coal, and still it eluded him. The trouble was outside the things, he knew. It was in the lodestone of politics.

GOES INTO POLITICS.

So Hanna went into politics. In 1880 he organized the Cleveland Business Men's Marching Club. The idea was a new one, and it took all over the country. That was the year when the

tariff began to assume proportions as a national issue, and being a dealer in coal and iron and steel ships, Hanna made a discovery. Heretofore business had been business, and politics politics; the hypothesis that business and politics were allied was a theory in the nebular state, floating around in class-rooms and debating societies. Hanna congealed the theory into fact. The business man in politics was Hanna's invention twenty years ago. During the eighties he carried a torch in many parades; but the oil that leaked from the can lubricated his mind, for he ground up the facts of politics rapidly. He began at the ward caucus, and for ten years was a factor in his ward and in his county and in his State. He took up politics as a branch of his business. It was a side issue—but shipbuilding was, for that matter, and street railways. Hanna has a dozen sides. In 1888 Hanna had learned the business of politics well enough to go into the National market with a product. In the National Convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison for his first term, Hanna appeared as John Sherman's political manager. He was to Sherman then what he was to McKinley in 1896. When Sherman lost, Hanna went on the Advisory Council of the National Committee. He learned how the machinery of National politics runs; what its fly-wheels do;

what its pulleys move; where to oil it; and where the power is generated. His insatiable curiosity, that made him master of other great trades, made him adept in what is known as practical politics. During the eight years that followed Hanna's entrance into National politics, he absorbed certain facts about the relations of business and politics. Without knowing where his greed for facts was leading him, Hanna became an amateur political scientist. He knew none of the rules of the game as the books laid them down; the theories of scholars were unfathomed in his reckonings. But, as the Yankees say, he "sensed a scheme" of the relations of things in the worlds of business and politics, and unconsciously this scheme took possession of him.

Now, a man whose business leads him to the daily contemplation of men working in their undershirts is not going to sit down and dream up an economic system for a world full of men in Nile-green neckties and lavender trousers. The spectacle of human perspiration is not so entirely shocking to a man of Hanna's habits and antecedents that any scheme of his would eliminate it from human existence. So the idea that got in Hanna's head was not particularly Utopian. It was simply a scheme to provide for more work, more sweat, more business, and more dividends—

and that wasn't the least of Hanna's consideration—by adjusting the tariff on coal, iron, pig iron, and a few thousand other articles too numerous to mention; also the establishment of a government subsidy for American shipbuilders. Incidentally Hanna saw that the currency shaft of the National works was crooked and wobbly, and needed straightening. Now this was not an ecstatic dream. But it had a vital advantage over the vision of Mr. Bellamy and the Utopians. Hanna's plan would work.

In the industrial depression from 1893 to 1895, when the mines and the furnaces and the ships were idle, Hanna had time for meditation. But the desire to make his scheme of political science a fact was afire in him; and instead of going into a rhapsody at the beauty of his dream, Hanna spent his hours of meditation forging his dream into reality in an eminently practical way.

HANNA AND McKINLEY.

In the meantime, for twenty years, his friendship for the young lawyer who defended the miners had been growing. He grappled it to him as he grappled his business ambition—with all his heart and mind. It became as much a part of him as the mines and the ships and the steel things that he loved. McKinley satisfied something in Hanna.

The Canton lawyer was industrious. He was clean. He was reliable. He was ambitious. Hanna's friendship displayed these virtues in the market of public esteem, and held them at their par value. In 1896 Hanna's energy incorporated McKinley, and every business house in the United States, from Wall Street to the carpenter's shop on the alley, took stock. Hanna promoted the candidacy of McKinley before the St. Louis Convention. He put in that campaign, which ended in the St. Louis Convention, every trained faculty which had made him a successful captain of trade. The outcome was interesting. And American politicians—generally a slipshod lot—who depend much on brass bands and claqueing and flag waving and oratory and beating of tom-toms to swarm their bees, were astounded to see a campaigner use the calculating, exact, business-like methods of a general manager of a railroad. Every Republican Presidential candidate sent out letters by the bushel. Hanna sent McKinley's letters out by the peck. But he picked his correspondents with the care that he picked the officers for his lake ships. It was Hanna's purpose to give the preferred stock in the McKinley syndicate only to men of commercial honor and business standing and political capacity. The whisperer, the Janus-face, the blow-hard, and the promiser were per-

mitted to speculate if they chose, but only upon the general prosperity series. The St. Louis Convention was a meeting of a large board of directors in a business concern. All emotionalism was as remote from the constitution of that body as a sky-rocket from a table of statistics. Hanna had planned the syndicate, he had promoted it, he had made it go. He didn't know who would make the motions, nor who would write up the minutes, nor what phrasing would be used in the prospectus. But he knew the men in the majority, and he knew that they were there to vote for McKinley, and he knew that they were men who accomplish their ends. It was an old story to Hanna—the picking and handling of men. There are 8,000 men on his pay-roll at Cleveland—on the docks, and in the mines, and at furnaces, and at desks, and on grip cars. There were one-tenth as many delegates at St. Louis; and besides, the St. Louis Convention was a coöperative corporation. So Hanna didn't worry. Yet certain things puzzled him. Despite the fact that reporters and editors of what might have been called, with professional courtesy, the loathed but esteemed contemporaries, said unpleasant things in double-leads and short paragraphs, and claimed that the convention was sewed up in a sack; and more, that it was

branded, gagged, and delivered; and, still further, that it was the personal property, chattel, and common appurtenant of Mark Hanna and of his heirs and assigns forever; affairs took a turn that would have astounded Hanna if he had claimed property right in the delegates. For Hanna went into the battle for McKinley's nomination with a seven-devil lust for tariffs. The currency question was one of those things dreamed of in Hanna's philosophy, along with the civil service and the Alaskan boundary and Cuban independence. Hanna did not oppose the gold standard; but while he was struggling for the nomination of McKinley, Hanna seems to have believed that by taking thought of the currency question he could not add one cubit to McKinley's stature. So he sat in his office in Cleveland and listened to the saurian snort of his barge whistles, and fixed his faith in *ad valorems* and tariffs and other impedimenta of his campaign.

THE GOLD STANDARD.

As the spring of 1896 opened, the earnestness of the New England Republicans for a gold-standard declaration amazed Hanna. He went to the St. Louis Convention with his amazement unabated; he was not angry. But it was as though all the men on the Cleveland City Rail-

way had decided to paint their left ear green, something which they have a perfect right to do, but which does not add to the speed of the cars nor the service of the line. He did not fear the outcome—so far as McKinley was concerned—but it did not occur to Hanna, when he went to St. Louis, that the adoption of the gold-standard declaration in the Republican platform would relegate the tariff question to a place in the campaign beside pensions and the interstate commerce. And so because the men he trusted—and needed—favored a declaration for gold, Hanna accepted it; and because he does nothing by halves, thereafter he fought for the gold-standard plank; its ways were his ways, its people were his people, and its enemies provoked his wrath.

When the party's platform had been reported by the Committee on Resolutions, and the clause endorsing the gold standard had been read, Senator Teller of Colorado made a speech favoring the adoption of a minority report of the Resolutions Committee, which report eliminated the gold-standard declaration. While Teller spoke, a pudgy man—broad-shouldered and of robust girth—sat fidgeting in his chair, but one row removed from the aisle, among the Ohio delegates. It was Hanna. The loose skin around his mouth

twitched irritably as Teller's swan-song rose and fell. Occasionally he lifted a broad hand to a large, bumpy cranium, as if to scratch. Instead, he rubbed the rich, healthy, terra-cotta hide on his full, firm neck. His bright brown eyes took the orator's mental and moral measure with merciless precision. When Teller sat down, Hanna grunted his relief. Others spoke in favor of the Teller resolution—perhaps an Idaho man, maybe a Montanan, from a chair behind the Ohio delegation. A dapper little chap, with a *boutonnière* on his perfectly fitting frock coat, came chassezing festively down the rostrum, and received Chairman Thurston's recognition. "Who's that?" asked Hanna of Grosvenor.

"Cannon."

"Who's Cannon?"

Mind you, it was Hanna who was asking these questions—Hanna, who was popularly supposed to be omniscient and omnipotent at St. Louis that day. Yet here was a senator whom Hanna did not know, and whose presence on the speaker's list surprised the man who held the convention in the hollow of his hand.

"Senator—Utah," replied Grosvenor.

The festive man opened his mouth to read his address.

"Well, for heaven's sake, goin' to read it!

Lookee there—" And Hanna's broad, fat hand waved towards the orator. "Perty, ain't he?"

"Looks like a cigar drummer!"

The man on the rostrum continued. He made an acrid reference to the gold standard.

"Well, d—n *him*—how did he get in here?" snapped Hanna, and no one could answer.

A small-boned, fat leg flopped across its mate, and Hanna changed his weight from one hunker to the other.

Cannon's remarks were growing more and more luminous. Hanna's brown eyes began to glow in heat lightning as the oration proceeded. His twitching mouth spilled its rage in grunts. The rhetoric of the Utah man was telling. He began to threaten to leave the party. Finally he put the threat into a flamboyant period. Then Hanna's harsh voice blurted:

"Go, go!"

There was a tragic half-second's silence. Ten thousand eyes turned toward Hanna. Evidently he could feel their glances hailing on his back, for his flinty auburn head bobbed down like a cork, and an instant later, when the whole convention was firing "go's" at the rostrum, Hanna rose proudly from the small of his back, and got on the firing line. After that the Utah man was in the hands of a mob. Hanna devoted himself

to the pleasurable excitement of the chase. He stormed and roared with the mob; he guyed and he cheered with the mob. He was of it, led by it, whooping it up. Then, when it was all over, when the gold-standard platform had been adopted, Hanna climbed into his chair, clasped his hands composedly behind him, threw back his head, let out his voice, and sang "America" with the throng. When he forgot the words, his *dah-dah-de-dah-de-dums* rang out with patriotic felicity, and his smile of seraphic satisfaction was a good sight for sore eyes. For Mark Hanna was giving an excellent representation of a joyous American citizen, with his wagon hitched to a bucking star, jogging peacefully down the milky way of victory.

HANNA IS HUMAN.

By this token may the gentle reader know that Hanna is intensely human. There is nothing god-like, nothing demoniac, nothing cherubic, nothing serpentine about him. He is a plain man, who stands in the last ditch with his friends, and fights his enemies to the death. He enjoys a good joke, a good fellow, or a good dinner; and, if possible, likes all three served at the same table. Often he wins brilliantly, sometimes loses conspicuously, makes a fool of himself occasion-

ally, laughs at it good-naturedly, and does it over again, "even as you and I." He has on his bones the clay of the unexplainable old Adam—rich in weakness and strength, graces and foibles, and withal he has the philosophy which sustained the shepherd of Arden. So his strength is more than his weakness, for he has the virility of common sense. He is not happy crocheting tidies and adopting ringing resolutions. He is a man of deeds rather than of explanations.

Hanna is not a man of exalted ideals. Between his purpose and its execution the path lies in a straight line. If gentlemen in spectacles come along the path, stretching across strings of ethical obstacles, and planting in it the potsherds of transcendental philosophic scruples, Hanna pushes forward to his end, kicking away the strings and crushing the pottery under his feet.

Later, if he has time, he devotes a few lurid minutes to the spectacled gentry before he closes the incident with a bang and goes about his business. Hanna is perfectly willing to admit that beyond the Alps lies Italy and that the hills are green afar off; but he insists on his American privilege of voting for the majority report. In politics Hanna is a partisan. With him the long-nosed, short-chinned mugwump is entitled to the same consideration due to the guerilla in time of

war. Hanna would endorse a political proposition not authorized by his party caucus and his party platform about as readily as a general would take orders from a newspaper. In his party Hanna has disputes. differences, and contentions. But he knows when he is whipped, and respects a similar knowledge in his adversary. When a fight is over, it is over with Hanna. He bears no malice, carries no knife from the conflict to use another day, and he has a scorching contempt for the contentious—and to Hanna impossible—persons who insist that a question is never settled until it is settled right. From Hanna's point of view the ways of the reformer and of "the serpent on the rock" are beyond understanding.

HANNA NOT A DEMAGOGUE.

For Hanna's solicitude for the people is as tender as that of the late William H. Vanderbilt. Hanna believes in every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost. He does not fawn upon the failures of life, nor mince matters in locating the blame for their condition. Every good cause has produced its demagogues, who are as dangerous to progress as the opponents of the cause. And although Hanna has been grilled in cartoons as a money devil with dollar

marks for scales; has been sizzled in public scorn as a conscienceless boss; has been called a crusher of labor, an industrial octopus, a commercial Moloch, and every manner of bird or beast on earth, in the air above, or in the waters beneath, his bitterest enemies in their most interesting flights of vituperation have not added to the gayety of nations by calling Mark Hanna a demagogue. Such an appellation would be as grotesque as to call Jay Gould a protagonist or "Mr. Toots" an iconoclast.

If a large, jagged, brown damn is needed in a diplomatic situation, Hanna furnishes it. If a laugh is needed, Hanna has it and is not afraid to use it. If an open fight is required, Hanna makes it. He is a man of simple instincts and single purposes. His relations with certain of his senatorial colleagues were arranged in their biological development millions of years ago. For instance, the velvet-pawed feline tactics of former Senator Quay set Hanna to baying deep-mouthed imprecations and kicking out behind him the loam of recent alluvial reminiscence. It is not that Hanna is so entirely displeased with what Quay does as with the way it is done, for Hanna is no prude. He has a conscience—the conventional conscience of commerce. To him wrong is wrong, and right is right. Everything

is either black or white; he is color-blind to the pea greens and heliotropes and electric blues of conduct. If a man lies, he lies; if he steals, he is a thief; if he cheats, he is a liar and a thief; and that's the end of him with Hanna. He likes a man with good red blood and a strenuous spirit and common sense; as for the other sort, they are all one to him—the sort that "might be made after supper of a cheese paring," and he will have none of the breed.

Yet in national politics Hanna is a strong man, exceptionally so. He is efficient. He is dominant in his party. Yet in his domination he does not domineer. He accomplishes his end; but not by diplomacy, not by playing man upon man, not like Pontius Pilate, but like Herod. Hanna is a force, not an intrigue. Politics is not his trade; he is a business man first and a politician afterwards; yet he is not a dilettante politician. When he gets in tight places, as in the senatorial election of '97, he does not fight with the foils, but rough and tumble, hand to hand, and with such clubs, dornicks, and other loose furniture of the environment as the devil may have put in his reach.

So much for what may be called the *dramatis personae* of Hanna. Now to return to the plot.

After the St. Louis Convention, Hanna played

with the party machine, running it at full speed and high pressure from June till November. Then he slipped the belt from his engines and let the wheels of the machine run down. His great industrial and financial concerns on the lake were grinding away smoothly and needed but half his power. His piston-rods were thumping in his head with nothing to hold them. The throbbing and jolting of his wild engines must have strained his nerves, for before the world knew what had happened Hanna had flipped a belt into the United States Senate. But speed in that mill is slow and the grist is light, wherefore there is a loss of power and a wearing jar.

SIGNS OF AGE.

Hanna seems to be ten years older than he was four years ago. The ruddy terra-cotta skin that glowed with health in 1896 has faded to an ashen pink. The mobile smile that was a conversation without words is hardening a little—but only a little. The lower parts of his legs are slightly uncertain, and his feet almost shuffle. The large, firm hand grips his cane with something like nervousness. The thin hair hangs more listlessly to the head than it used to hang; but the jaws are wired with steel, and the brown eyes—and these are Hanna's harbor lights—

twinkle with the fervor of a schoolboy's. They show forth an unconquered soul and a merry heart, which maketh a glad countenance. Hanna's life at Washington has not taken the edge from his humanity. Indeed, so far as he bears any relation to the present National administration, Hanna is the human touch.

The relations existing between Hanna and his friend William McKinley, President of the United States, are particularly interesting. The popular notion of these relations is derived from newspaper cartoons. Probably at least 5,000,000 of the 15,000,000 citizens who will vote at the coming election imagine that Hanna tramps noisily into the White House every morning, gruffly gives his orders for the day's administration to the shivering President, and then walks out and continues to grind the faces off the poor; but the real relations existing between Hanna and McKinley are stranger than fiction. It is McKinley, not Hanna, that controls. The masterful, self-willed, nimble-witted, impetuous, virile Hanna in the presence of the placid, colorless, imperturbable, emotionless, diplomatic, stolid McKinley becomes superficially deferential and considerate of the Presidential dignity, almost to an unnecessary degree. It is known to all men at all familiar with McKinley's administration, that in

the differences which have come up in the discussion of administrative affairs, when Hanna has been consulted at all, he has almost invariably yielded his opinion to McKinley's. The friendship—one might call it almost the infatuation of Hanna for McKinley—is inexplicable on any other theory save that of the affinity of opposites. History has often paralleled this affair, but has never fully explained her parallels."

MURAT HALSTEAD'S SKETCH.

The following selections are from an article on Marcus A. Hanna, by Murat Halstead, in the Review of Reviews:

"There is a new man in our politics, a recognized power, well known in spite of his novelty; not a professional statesman, but a man of affairs; a business man one of the most famous politicians; a quiet man, but making a noise in the world; a national personage with international reputation; a man of simple manners and broad shoulders, who has tested his strength in matters material and bears golden sheaves from harvest fields. He is a laborer on large lines, and he conducts a presidential candidacy as he has conducted fleets and managed mines, on the great lakes, developing resources and applying them

with courage and capacity and with honorable distinction and affluent success..

"There is no name in all the land more familiar, and he accepts conspicuity with complacency, because it is unavoidable in the business; but he avoids ostentation, and when weighty cares permit the indulgence of his preferred enjoyments, they are in the retirement of his beautiful home. He has not sought to draw the public gaze and he does not shrink from it. He is without the perturbation of vanity or the affectation of indifference.

"Marcus Alonzo Hanna was born in New Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio, September 24, 1837. Columbiana County, Ohio, borders on the eastern line of the state, and on the west adjoins the County of Stark, the home of McKinley, and on the east is bounded by Beaver County, Pennsylvania, the home of Senator Quay. His blood is that of Virginia Friends and Vermont Presbyterians, and there are in it eminently the qualities that yield vigor and tenacity, and a solemn, sombre, fiery perseverance. One of his gifts is that of continuance. There is no better blood, and when brains are born with it the combination is excellence—and Hanna inherited ability and was educated in business.

"Next to the efficacy of good brains and blood

in making up a man comes his environment—the circumstances surrounding the boy and the man —the conditions upon which are opened in his neighborhood the golden gates of opportunity. We have said Mr. Hanna was educated in business, but we must not neglect to say that he had a high school education, and a year in one of the Ohio colleges.

"Mr. Hanna was born, as Major McKinley was, in the heart of the region richest in natural resources of any in the country—and unsurpassed in the world—western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio. The coal beds are there deep and rich. There oil was struck in unparalleled rivers of wealth, and natural gas was at length revealed. The manufacturing towns of Ohio west and north of Columbiana and Stark counties are among the finest examples on the continent of the enterprise, the hardihood, the skill, the inventive and mechanical ingenuity, the genius for organization, the cunning hands, the competent heads of the American people. This was the environment of McKinley and Hanna, in their most impressionable days, and their association in after times may be traced to the sympathies of their earliest contemplative years.

"It was but natural that while one became a lawyer and statesman and the other a business

man who plowed the unsalted seas, and delved in the unsalted mines of the majestic northwest, they should come together in a common cause regarding which the sentiments of their boyhood became the convictions of their manhood. It is a silly sort of slander that attributes to such men only sordid motives. Such selfishness as they have is enlightened, and their first lessons taught them that the enactment into national law of the principle of protection was the indispensable foundation of the higher prosperity of the people of their native land.

"Mr. Hanna is a man of large estate, but he has no idle hours or dollars. He is active in capital and labor, and an example that head and hands may work together with profit and show each other fair play. He holds the respect of workingmen because he treats them with respect, and he gains their good will because he is fair, and in nothing does he show them greater consideration than in never trying the blandishments of demagogues with them.

"Mr. Hanna's father, on removing to Cleveland, became a wholesale grocer and provision merchant, and the son at twenty years of age was a clerk in the store, and in 1861 his father died and he succeeded to the business. Young Hanna had traveled extensively and formed a valuable

acquaintance. In 1864 he married Miss Augusta Rhodes, the daughter of his senior partner, D. P. Rhodes, who retired a few years later, when the existing firm of M. A. Hanna & Co. was organized. The business of the firm required a great deal of transportation on the lake. Hanna, after being interested in several vessels, became the proprietor of one named for his father, Leonard Hanna, and he is now a large owner of ships on the lakes and the head of the Globe Iron Works Company of shipbuilders.The course of his business is plainly marked as a system of progression. First a grocer, then a shipowner,—the ships growing out of and sailing in the requirements of trade; then, as he wanted ships, he became a shipbuilder, and as he consumed iron he developed ores.

"His handsome residence is famous for hospitality, and it is administered with a geniality and liberality that gain and give pleasure. He values too highly the blessing of health to neglect it, and takes exercise regularly. His good humor and courtesy disarm even hostile reporters, and they are soon convinced of the cleverness of friendliness, and commune with him in the manner of confidential affection; but he never by chance tells them anything he does not intend they should find out. The artists who have ex-

erted their capacities for caricature, and who do not hesitate to portray him as a monster, find it aids their art with a touch of nature to draw him with a smiling face. Whatever they do they do that, and they are at a loss to know how their arrows, that they have tipped with rancor, fail to inflict a wound or a sting.

"In the same corner of the state of Ohio where Hanna was born and has always lived are the homes of John Sherman, James A. Garfield and William McKinley. Sherman was born in another part of the state, but through all his professional and public life he lived at Mansfield, which is within an hour's ride of Canton. Garfield lived closer to Cleveland than the others, and in behalf of these three neighbors of his Mark Hanna, the business man, became Hanna the politician; not that he cared for the excitement or was fond of display, or thought that there was anything but hard work and the general good in it for him. He was in agreement with Sherman, Garfield and McKinley in principle, and has believed of each of them that his election to the presidency would be the elevation of the standard of dignity, honor and prosperity of the country. He was Garfield's friend, but had little to do with the nomination of the second martyr President, and took a serious but not ex-

travagant or absorbing interest in his election. It was Mr. Hanna's judgment, and it was justified, that John Sherman's services to the country in his financial policy, through which was achieved the resumption of specie payments, were not recognized as they should be, and he is still of that opinion.

"The proceedings preliminary to the convention of 1888 brought McKinley and Hanna often together. They were in consultation many times and it was a labor of zeal for them to canvass the country for Sherman and muster his forces. The keen eyes of Hanna were upon McKinley and found his nature that of the simplicity and nobility of manly sincerity. The X rays are not more penetrating than Hanna's glance, and his hearty respect for his friend was converted to warm regard and admiration. With McKinley's frankness and clearness, his transparency revealed his probity; and in his turn he rejoiced in the strength of the strong man by his side. There was no compact between them, they were of the same mind.

"Their friendship was welded during this convention. They formed the liking of the unlike, that is an attachment greater than is given to those cast of like metal in the same mold. It would have been shirking an obligation, the out-

growth of sympathy, association and common principles, and an attempt to evade destiny, if Mark Hanna had not consented to manage the presidential campaign of McKinley.

"It is a blunder on the part of those who assail Mr. Hanna to hold that he is exclusively or exceptionally a man of dollars. He has had enough of them long enough to know the weakness as well as the power of money, and his primary advantage in his political activities is his responsibility—not in the collection of contributions or application of funds, but in the potentiality with which he can refuse the demands that are unreasonable and reason to conclusions. There is economy in his ability—and the accusation that he is a professional purchaser of men is an exaggeration of an imagination.

"Mr. Hanna is the new man in politics, the man of affairs of his own, finding time for unofficial business. This is not of evil; there is not a better sign of better things. The element of which Mr. Hanna is a type is needed to stand firmly for the balances of power with which the fathers conserved the Republic—and this representation of the ancient civic and national pride in our government under the Constitution as it is, has not come to us without cause, or appeared too soon. Mr. Hanna will deserve well of his country that

he is serving for the sake of principle with motives and for considerations that contemplate only his fair share, as a laborious and faithful citizen, of the general welfare."

OTHER ESSAYS.

PLUTOPHOBIA.

(From Social Laws.)

There is an incredibly large element of the American people to whom the sight or thought of a rich man is as a red rag to an angry bull. At once there is furious snorting and bellowing, and pawing of the earth; and if the red rag could be got at, it would be torn to shreds. No one can realize the extent of this disease, which I venture to name plutophobia, unless he has mingled much with the working classes, or read the papers which are published ostensibly in their interests. Speak of Carnegie, for instance, and at once he is denounced for a plutocrat and a robber.

But, you say, consider his benevolence! Has he not given his millions to the public welfare?

"He has robbed his workmen of this wealth. He deserves no credit for his seeming benevolence. Let him do justice to his workmen, and he will not *have* these millions to give away!"

It is vain to say that, having got these millions, he might have kept them all if he had chosen to

do so. You will get no word of kindness for him. He is rich. That is his crime. And has it indeed come to this, that success in America shall make a man hated and despised by large numbers of his fellow-citizens?

"MARK HANNA."

A common illustration of this trait in our working people may be found in the contempt expressed by so many of them and their political representatives for the figure of M. A. Hanna, the political manager of the Republican party during the last two presidential campaigns. The papers of the opposition, from the respectable democratic organ to the vituperative and despicable socialistic handbill, teem with coarse and brutal caricature of a man whose only known offense is that he has represented the cause of Success and Prosperity, rather than that of pauperism and failure. This Napoleon of politics, who marshalled the Republican armies and led them to victory, against all the allied forces of Democracy, is the *bête noire* of all pauperdom. They picture him as a fat Nero, fiddling and laughing over burning Rome. A Democratic newspaper relates with evident relish that a poor Russian immigrant, applying for naturalization papers, replied to a question as to our form of

government that "Mark Hanna is King!" As to our method of making laws, he thought that Mark Hanna made them, conferring sometimes with Mr. McKinley! Such were the conceptions he had formed evidently upon the statements of his associates.

HANNA COMPARED WITH WASHINGTON.

It is needless to say that the moral character of a great leader in war or politics is not to be estimated by Sunday-school criterions. Men who practise the Golden Rule, and keep all the Commandments, do not gain laurels in these fields of action. A Sunday-school teacher, having told her class how Washington, when leader of the colonial forces, wrote a false letter of instructions to his officers, for the purpose of letting the enemy capture it to their own discomfiture, finished by asking whether this were not a kind of lie. The pupils agreed that it was.

"But," asked the teacher, "was he not the George Washington who could not tell a lie about the cherry tree?"

This puzzled the class, until one bright little fellow exclaimed, "Oh, but that was when he was a little boy!"

The idea that maturity of judgment brings

certain privileges and immunities in ethical matters may have occurred also to Mr. Hanna. Having to fight the devil of bribery and deceit, he may have been compelled to sanction the use of fire.

MR. HANNA'S WEALTH.

But Mr. Hanna has not been so hated merely because he has employed in politics the methods in common use even by the best of his opponents. He has been hated because he is rich, and has represented the cause of the prosperous. His caricaturists represent him in clothing covered with $ marks. One cartoonist used this mark ingeniously as the *motif* for all the decorations of the room in which he pictured his subject. It seemed as though the valiant knights of the brush could never tire of repeating this symbolism.

Rich? How got he his riches? By zeal, industry, ability. When we stop men from getting riches in this way, it will be a doomsday for the nation! Mr. Hanna has been notably active in settling several labor disputes that had led to strikes. Workingmen too soon forget such benefits and remember only the $ marks!

During the recent campaign I admired Mr. Hanna's frank and bold utterances on the subject

of industrial organizations. When most of the Republican orators were shouting themselves hoarse, in their denunciations of "the Trust," trying to out-clamor the Democrats and Populists who were behowling that much-abused institution, Mr. Hanna refused to join the chorus for mere political effect. He stood up sturdily, and, in plain, blunt, Mark Antony fashion, declared that the Trust is not a political question; which is undeniably true, as the people must sometime learn. It is no more a question for politics than is the partnership of a firm of grocers. "There is just as much Democratic as Republican money in the Trusts," he declares; and he is in a position to know, if his opponents may be believed!

The head of the Sugar Trust was asked a few years ago, by a Senate Committee, "Do you contribute to campaign expenses?"

"We do."

"To which party do you contribute?"

"Depends upon circumstances."

"To which fund do you contribute in Massachusetts?"

"The Republican."

"To which in New York?"

"The Democratic."

"To which in New Jersey?"

"I will have to look at the books. That is a doubtful State."

ETHICS FOR THE STATE.

How shall the State rear up good citizens? What shall be its theory of ethics? What influences shall it bring to bear upon the criminal? These are vital questions, which our wise men must answer wisely, if the State is to persist.

There are doubts and questionings in the air. The Ten Commandments are no longer blindly obeyed merely because they are ancient and venerable. Men are growing bold, and daring to examine all things, even the Sacred Law of old.

"Thou shalt not steal." Who is this Moses, who comes to us with his "Thus saith the Lord"?

"Ah, but the jail, the scaffold; we must respect these, even though we repudiate Moses and his God, with the Tables of the Law."

So? and is this at last the safe-guard of the State, the foundation of our ethics? Shall Fear be the only god in our pantheon whom we must at last respect? Then indeed let us arise and gird on our armor, for no man's life or estate is safe.

The State knows no ethics. It knows only expediency, safety. Its argument is a club, a

bullet, a jail, a scaffold. It says, "Let a man hold what theory he will. We are concerned only with his acts. Let him worship God, or fellowship with Satan; hold with Moses and Jesus, or break all the sacred tablets; let him be Christian, pagan, scoffer, philosopher, what he will; we ask only that he shall abide by our ordinances of public safety. If he steal, and be found out, we have our penalty; but with his relations to God and his own soul we have no business."

This is a shallow policy, fit only for slaves and idiots. Shall not the State deal with man as with a living soul? Is man a beast, to be chained, caged, beaten into brute submission? Our jails are not strong enough to hold this wild beast, Man. Our chains snap asunder. Our weapons glance and do not kill his wickedness.

I rejoice that the spirit of man cannot be thus tamed and subjugated. I rejoice that there are men who break all chains and bars, beat down all opposers, and escape to Liberty. The State wants citizens, not slaves. Let us have Men, not beasts muzzled.

When you have tamed and broken your wild man by these brute methods, what is he? No more a man, but a poor craven beast, fit only to come and go at some hard master's bidding.

Your institutions are weakest where you think them strongest. Your bad man is caught, your worst man remains at large. Your jail holds only the weaklings of Satan. His lords and barons laugh at your bolts and bars.

Is there no higher law than these which you have written on your statute books? If not, alas for the State!

What is my remedy? Education, instruction, exhortation. The day is past when men can be governed by superstition or brute force. The Church, the State, were once clothed with majesty and power. Men fell down and worshipped the one, or stood with bowed head to receive the admonition of the other. But for thousands of men today priest and king have played their part and made their exit from the stage of life. They are tolerated, respected, but not feared or obeyed.

The radical citizen demands freedom, in thought, speech, action. If he is restricted, he is chafed. He will be free, though the State dissolve and the heavens fall. He will respect his neighbor's rights, but will assert his own. If the Church or the State prohibit him, he demands reasons. Failing to receive them, he follows his inclinations, but secretly, and with circumspection.

The ideal State is that in which all restraint is voluntary self-restraint. All government which subjugates is, so far, bad. Its restrictive and punitive institutions are a confession of weakness and failure. They are evil, even though justifiable from the standpoint of expediency.

We must aim higher. We cannot control men by physical means alone. Man is a spirit, not a body merely. The spirit in men laughs at chains, jails, scaffolds. Even the criminal may be a transcendentalist, and stand unmoved before juries and their verdicts, judges and their decrees. He may break your statute law, and yet be a martyr to the law of Freedom. Better a free criminal than a caged and fettered saint.

How to organize these sentiments into a system, how to apply them in the treatment of our ignorant and criminal classes, is the duty of the statesman. Let us for a time neglect tariffs and finances, if we must, and give some attention to this vital subject.

The State must not join hands with an institutional Church to accomplish this needed work. Science and superstition cannot work together. But there may be a secular ethics, as there is a secular physiology and psychology. Ethics must be rooted in the Cosmos, not merely in traditional religion.

If the Laws of the Universe protect and uphold crime, it is futile for either Church or State to attempt its eradication. But if there are Laws of Right and Wrong in nature, they may be discovered and taught by the State, as the laws of gravity are.

The State instructs the farmer how to raise wheat and corn. Shall it not instruct us how to raise Men? It teaches the farmer how to eradicate weeds and parasites. Shall it not instruct us how to eradicate vice and evil? Are not Men the most important crop which can be produced in any nation? Let us have a Bureau of Anthropology, with daily bulletins.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TRUST.

While we are talking about the tyranny of the trust, let us not forget that there are many kinds of trusts and many kinds of tyranny.

The workingman, too, has his trust; namely, the labor union; organized and maintained for the benefit of its members, conducted on principles no less selfish, no less oppressive to the rest of society, than are the principles on which the trust of the capitalist is organized.

Do you not conspire, my good workingmen, do you not verily plot together how you may extort higher wages from your employer?

Do you not seek by all means, fair or unfair, to get and keep a monopoly of your particular kind of labor, to be sold only for such prices as you may fix, be the needs of your employer and the public what they may?

Your trust, my good workingman, adopts methods which no capitalistic trust has yet dared to employ. What capitalistic trust or corporation has yet dared to say to the public: "Buy our goods willingly, at our price, or we will force you? If you dare to buy elsewhere, or adopt a substitute, we will stone you, shoot you, dynamite your homes, burn and destroy the property of those whom you would patronize instead of us!"

And yet, this is often the policy of workingmen incited by mistaken leaders.

You have a right to demand higher wages, my friends, and so has the capitalist a right to demand higher prices for his goods; but neither has a right to coerce the public market.

So great is the sympathy of the public for workingmen, that the tyranny of the labor union is tolerated with little criticism, while the capitalistic trust is made the object of universal reprobation.

Let us have fair play, brother. It is a selfish

struggle on both sides. Let not pot call kettle black.

Out of all this strife, order and justice will emerge, if we let the Natural Laws have their course. Let your trust fix its prices; let your labor union fix its scale of wages. The public will determine whether it will pay these prices.

Selfishness forever overreaches its own ends. When we forget or ignore the Great Laws, and seek to rob our brother by injustice, then falls our clever scheme, and we are balked.

So long as the labor union does not try to prevent the employer from hiring cheaper men, so long as the trust does not try to force the public to buy certain goods at certain prices, these organizations can do no great harm. They may make certain demands; but conditions which they cannot control will determine whether these demands will be met.

The price of a thing at last is determined by the needs of the purchaser. How much will you pay, rather than do without this thing, or use something else instead of it?

Some will pay more than you. Some not so much. The *mean* is the maximum price. Above this, no trust can force its prices, though it had omnipotent power, and all monopoly, and could command armies and Senates to aid its purpose.

How much will you pay for certain labor? How much *can* you pay, considering the state of the market for your goods?

This is the maximum wage. No labor union, no striking or rioting, can force wages above this figure, though legions of angels were to help the cause of the strikers.

There are certain Laws, my brother, which neither you nor I, nor any workingman nor capitalist, ever made or modified, or ever can.

Let us get sight of These, and learn to trust in Them. They are the Supreme Laws. Beyond Them is no appeal. No man, no deity, can set Them aside. When your Labor Union and your Trust perceive these Laws and their Majesty, there will be less folly to make the angels weep.

OUR BEST DEFENSES.

The best safeguard of any nation is not its army and navy, its police and militia, but its well-diffused Productions.

Our best defenses are not muskets and cannon, forts and battleships; but steam engines, looms, reapers and threshers, lumber mills, and other agencies for the creation of wealth.

Famine cannot conquer a people who are

armed with *these* weapons; but cannon and muskets are powerless against such a foe.

When men are prosperous they are slow to mutiny. It is your hungry mobs who overturn thrones and senates. When corn is scarce, complaints are plentiful. These are a crop that yields best in years of famine.

Democracy, or any measure thereof, is safe only whilst the people are prosperous and satisfied. Let famine appear, and wave his gaunt arms in the land, and lo, thousands rally and follow him to political folly or fields of riot and bloodshed. Those who have bread, however justly they got it, shall now surrender it to hungry mobs. Those who have plate, silken garments, elegant furnishings, are somehow conceived to be the authors of the people's misery, and on them the wrath-storms of the mob do break.

I do not say that rich men never oppress poor men. I do not say that the madness of mobs is never justifiable. But I do affirm, and history bears me out, that when the common people suffer, the rich are not the only cause of it. They, too, have their privations, in times of panic; and though they have bread to eat, and coal to warm them, they do often suffer quite as keenly as the poor.

The poor man, at his humble board, where

bread and water may be the family fare, does not realize what hardships the rich man suffers in times of financial depression. He carries burdens the poor man knows not of. His days are feverish with care, and his nights without refreshing sleep. He must think not only of his family but of the families of many others who depend upon his business for their bread. If he fail, scores, perhaps hundreds, fail with him.

Yet, in the midst of all his trials, when his heart and his head ache with the burdens he carries, the poor man envies him, and sometimes plots against his very life. Think of this, brothers, when you assemble in mad council to denounce the rich man. Think of this, when you are plotting to explode dynamite under his residence or factory.

THE CURE FOR RIOTING.

There is certainly no excuse for violence in this land, in the interests of poor men's rights. If men cannot content themselves to get their desired ends by ballots, shall they be allowed to get them by bullets?

Ballots are bad enough, in the hands of madmen. What shall we do when they resort to muskets and dynamite?

In desperate cases, desperate measures are

justified, to preserve the peace. If men will not be quiet, we must make them so. "He that taketh the sword shall die by the sword." When your workingmen, or (most likely), your *idle* men, seize arms, to intimidate their employers or other workingmen (or men who wish to work), it is time that the State should rouse from its torpor, and stretch out its arm to protect its loyal subjects.

If there must be bloodshed, let there be bloodshed. This fever of riot will abate, when sufficient blood has been let.

Let the State beware of hasty anger. Let it beware of partisanship. But let it not hesitate to shed blood in the interests of law and justice.

We often hear the assertion that the militia is never called out in the interests of the workingmen, but only to protect the property of the rich.

If this be so, why is it?

Surely, because only the property of the rich is threatened with destruction!

Your mad mobs do not attack and destroy the homes of workingmen. If they threaten the lives of workingmen it is to prevent them from working, when certain other workingmen have struck!

In such a case, the State *should* call its militia, to protect the workingmen who wish to work.

Demagogues call this protecting the employer,

and intimidating the employees! So distorted is the vision of him who has resolved to look only for his own selfish interests!

In this Republic, we have agreed to refer all questions of politics to the ballot. Since we have so compacted, let us abide by our agreement, and put down all appeals to violence.

If we must use artillery in the interests of peace, let it be used in time. Let us blow some of these wild ruffians into the air, before they succeed in blowing other and better citizens there!

Are these harsh methods, which I propose? Then is the knife of the surgeon harsh when used to cut out a cancerous or gangrened spot which threatens the body's health.

Our tenderness toward the ruffian may be harshest cruelty toward the State. We need brave men in executive offices, who will neither fear nor flatter the mob. When our public offices hang upon the favor of mobs, chaos is come.

Justice flees from the land where her ministers dare not defend her. Public peace is not to be purchased by timidity or fear. Only the brave deserve the boon of peace. Cowards will not long enjoy it.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

The value of any man's writing or speaking lies in his interpretation of his own experience. So far as I can apply wisdom to my own affairs, they become of interest and value to other people. If I am overcome and defeated by my affairs; if I am utterly routed and driven from the field, why should I tell other people how to fight?

Here is my kitchen, with its multitude of problems. Shall I run away from it, and leave some poor Bridget to fight the battle? If I do, what right have I to complain when victory leaves my domestic banners? Why should I desert my post, and yet expect a barbarian lieutenant to hold the fort against the enemy?

Your wisdom, my good philosopher, is halt and blind, if it limp and stumble in the kitchen, the dining room, the parlor. Let it not go abroad, to stalk bravely in public highways, until it have learned to use its eyes and legs at home. Will you shout in the Senate, good man, and tell the Nation how to bake its bread, when you have miserably run away from your own kitchen? Stand by, stand by, and see that your own house is in order, before you essay to keep house for the Nation.

Good preacher, does your chimney draw? Is

your cellar sweet and clean? Does your roof leak? Look to these things, and then come and preach to your people. Do not defer perfection even in little things until you get to heaven. Do you know how your pie is made? Do you know the constitutent elements thereof? Do not ask a blessing on your dinner until you have examined its credentials. Taste and see that the lard is good. Eat no stale meats for conscience' sake. The Lord's supper is not more worthy of your attention than is the supper served daily at your own table. Look to the elements thereof. Do not attack original sin while there is anything in your pantry which ought to be reformed. Cast out the devils from your own house, and then you shall have power to cast them out of other houses also.

THE RICHES OF THE POOR.

It seems to me that the education of any man is incomplete, and he is unable to properly appreciate the blessings of our wondrous civilization, who has never lived for a time in a condition of semibarbarism. We are born into this heritage of the ages, this structure which we call civilization, the accumulated labors of so many centuries, and we do not properly appreciate it for lack of contrast. We think we are poor, and we

talk of poverty that accompanies progress, and many of us bewail our lot, envying our neighbors their greater possessions. But we do not know that the poorest of us is rich, compared with the average condition of life a few centuries ago. It is a characteristic of human nature that we soon become indifferent to our possessions, and however much we have, we cry for more. So nimble is the fancy and so insatiable are the desires of man, that no condition is so good but that we can imagine a better, and no wealth so great but that we wish it greater.

The education of any individual is incomplete, then, unless it includes at least a brief experience in that primitive life which was the best that princes had a few centuries ago. Let a man go into the wilderness and pitch his lodge there, building with what materials he finds at hand, adapting his desires to his facilities, and determining within himself to be content with what he has, and he will learn lessons that no school or college ever taught its pupils. With a little canvas, costing perhaps three or four dollars, some boards picked up where wind or tide has left them, some rusty nails drawn from these same boards, and with none of the tools of civilization save an axe, a saw, and a hammer, let him build a habitation for himself. Let him for

dishes use sea shells, tin cans, or whatever he may find in the back yard of civilization; let him sleep on a bedstead of boards, with perhaps a mattress of dried grass; for chairs, use boxes; for a table, a shelf of boards; let him, I say, try an experiment of this kind, and he will very soon realize his immense debt to civilization; the immense debt of even the poorest man to the past ages. And I think that if he has ever complained of poverty, he will never do so again, however seeming hard his portion in society may be.

We use our blessings thoughtlessly, carelessly, with no proper appreciation of their worth. The commonest things in the poorest household represent the thought and labor of centuries. From the tallow dip to the kerosene lamp is a longer way than people who use lamps are commonly aware. Give me a list of the things used in the poorest household, and I will convince the owners that they are richer than Julius Cæsar was. Our young men envy the fame of ancient worthies, but lament their own poverty in the midst of a wealth such as these same ancients never saw. How poor was Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Demosthenes, Plutarch, not to mention Diogenes, Socrates, Epictetus, compared with the poorest schoolboy of today.

I look over the scanty array of goods in my

camp, an outfit which would surely entitle me to the reputation of poverty in any village or city, and I wonder as I look at each article whether the civilization of Greece or Rome could have furnished anything to be compared with it. First, here is this pen with which I am writing, and the ink into which I dip it. Instead of steel pens, at a penny apiece, the ancient used a stylus, or a quill, or a sharpened reed. Instead of a fine linen paper, of marvelous texture, he used the bark of trees, or the skins of beasts. I thought it fine, last summer, in the Adirondacks, to write some letters to my distant friends upon white birch bark, freshly peeled from the tree. There was a poetry in the act, and my words gained somewhat, I doubt not, from the fragrance of the bark and the atmosphere of the forest which it conveyed; but suppose I were compelled always to use that bark? suppose it were the only available material for books and papers? I think I appreciate my linen paper better after using birch bark for a few times.

Before me lies a box of parlor matches. They cost but a penny a box, but what a convenience! Think of the flint and steel, my young friend, every time you strike a match, and try to realize your advantage over Cæsar and Cicero in this one respect. On the table lies my watch, ticking

away the seconds of time. Compare this wondrous mechanism with the sundial, the water-clock, or the hourglass of the ancients There is no home so poor but that the clock is found in it; and yet the home of Virgil, or Cæsar, or Cicero did not contain that common article.

On my table are a few books,—only a few, for I came out from civilization to get away from books and all the cares and anxieties connected with them. Think of what is meant by a book, even the cheapest, a five-cent pamphlet. It brings to mind a whole train of activities which were unknown to the ancient world. The typesetter, the pressman, the binder, are but three in a thousand occupations involved in the production and delivery of this book. The paper of which it is made represents a vast industry, which takes you into the cotton fields or the woods for the stock; into the alleys of cities with the rag-picker; into the paper mill, the wholesale house, the freight car, the express wagon, the printing office; and at last into one of Uncle Sam's mail pouches, where the little pamphlet rode safely and swiftly to your distant home.

Think of the train of industries which are involved in the manufacture of a common pamphlet, I say, and then try to appreciate the art which gives you the company of the greatest

souls in the world's past history. Think of what a book meant in ancient times, when all books were slowly and toilsomely copied by slaves, and often the cost of a single volume would buy a modern library. Think of this, I say, when you pick up the cheapest pamphlet, and treat it with as much reverence as its contents will permit. A mere book, without reference to its contents, is a thing to be wondered at; how priceless, then, is a good book, which brings to me the thought of a great soul. He was himself, perhaps, isolated, unsocial, in his own day; and but for this book, even his associates would not have known him truly; how great is its value, then, to me, who would not even have heard of him, much less communed with his immortal thought, were it not for this book.

And so I look over the few articles on my rude table, articles which are found in the poorest homes in the land, and I find that they connect me with a world such as Cæsar and Cicero never dreamed of, in the splendor of old Roman days. I perceive that poverty in the nineteenth century is better than was the wealth of the olden times; and as fraternal love increases among men, and the benefits of this wondrous civilization are more and more diffused among the people, the estate of the humblest shall be better than that of lords and princes in the ancient world.

SOCIALISM AND INDIVIDUALISM.

Our "advanced thinkers" who are crying for Socialism should stop and consider the relation of majority rule to individual freedom. Socialism, like all other forms of Government control, means the domination of the minority by the majority.

The freedom of the minority is something which the average Socialist does not consider; but it must be considered, and largely realized, by any system worthy the name of philosophy.

A church establishment, supported by the State, is one of the most offensive features of this sort of "Government." People who want such an establishment should be free to have it, but they should also be free to pay for it. Why should they tax for its support those who have no use for it? In America, we have no State church, but we exempt church property from taxation, which is another way of compelling those who do not want the services of the church to help support the institution. The assumption is, that all people need the church, and are directly or indirectly benefited by its ministrations; and herein is the danger of all such paternalism in Government. When one body of people assume to say what is best for another body of peo-

ple, they are quite likely to make mistakes; and if they insist upon carrying out their ideas, they are quite likely to become tyrannical and oppressive.

Individual freedom is yet a long way off in America, notwithstanding our noisy celebrations of Independence. Our Eagle screams vociferously, and spreads his broad wings in exultation over the Freedom we have achieved; but those who look closest find that our Freedom is yet largely an empty name. The fact is, the development of the principle of Freedom among us is scarcely yet begun; and the efforts of socialists to make "Government" the owner and manager of all things is not in the direction of greater liberty.

It is not necessary, even if it were advisable, to institute an elaborate socialism, in order that "the people" may own and manage the industrial resources of the country. The only way for "the people" to own and manage industries is to buy them, with legitimate money. Let those who have money, and who wish to participate in these enterprises, acquire stock in them, in a business-like manner. Why should I be unwillingly taxed to buy stock in a particular industry, any more than to buy an interest in a church?

If we do not like the prices which a certain

corporation charges us for its products, we have a perfect right to go into business for ourselves, or agree to patronize some other corporation. We have no right to drive the offending corporation out of business by the force of legislation, or by condemning and confiscating its property. If we must fight the Devil, let us fight him with fire, not with holy water. Let us meet him upon his own ground, with his own weapons, not appeal to mere force of numbers, which is at last an appeal to arms.

Ballots at last rest upon bullets. We enact a law that the corporation shall sell us its business at a certain figure. This means that we will come with guns and take this business at this figure, if said corporation dare to object to our legislation. Is this Justice? Is this Liberty?

WORLD-CONQUERERS OF TODAY.

Is it not possible that our traditions of culture are somewhat musty and antiquated? For centuries it has been the habit to cast some reproach upon business. Literature, law, medicine, science, philosophy, have been deemed worthy objects for intellectual energy; but manufacture and trade have not been quite respectable.

Our twentieth century will see a change in

these traditions. Under the new and complex conditions of modern industrial life, business success depends upon intellectual gifts of as high an order as were ever required for success in the so-called professions.

The successful merchant or manufacturer of today is no village magnate, but a world-conqueror, like Alexander or Cæsar of old. Vast schemes of conquest are planned and carried out under his direction. Fleets of ships obey his orders. Vast systems of railways and telegraphs serve his aims. Armies of men await his pleaure. Can any common brain command such vast resources, plan and fitly execute such vast designs?

Let me sing thy praises, O man of affairs, immersed in these wide-throbbing energies. Let Virgil sing of arms and the man who wielded them; let me be the bard of the conquerors of trade.

These are the agencies that are redeeming this world from savagery and darkness. 'Tis here upon this earth that man must find his heaven.

Withdraw thy gaze, O yearning poet, from the cloud-realms of the great beyond. Look *here;* —and in the conquests of science and invention thou shalt see the redemption of the race.

Come forth from thy dim speculations, O mystic soul, thy search after Spirit and its native

realm; and see that here upon this time-scarred earth are all the forces of the Creative Spirit manifest. In flower and tree, in bird and beast, in all the beauty that doth clothe the earth, thou shalt behold the revelations of that Spirit which thou art seeking in the dim beyond.

Here, on this earth, is man's divinest home. Around him burst on every side the revelations of Creative Life.

Let us be bold and free, O brothers all; and wait no more for visions from beyond, but turn our eyes to see the glories here and now in this our living world! Here is our heaven, here our true abode. Here, in the pulsing energies of this great world, we shall outwork our highest aims.

Go forth and conquer, O aspiring soul. Sit not at home in idle dreaming. No world is fairer than this earth of ours. It calls us from the silence and the dream, and bids us Act and Conquer.

Not in the airy nothings of the poet's dream-world shall our valor find its free expression; but in this our actual world; this world of dust and smoke, this world of rocks and soil.

Here is our field of battle. Let us go forth to win. We shall not find a worthier field. To grasp the plow, to wield the sounding hammer,

to guide the cunning engine in the mill; to dig and carve and delve; to plow and execute the vast designs of trade;—these are thy victories, O valiant soul, in this our throbbing world.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

I am living in this world, and am saturated with its Realities. Spectral Other-worlds exist not for me, whilst I dwell in this. I eat, drink, sleep, breathe, as performing a Divine Ritual. These acts to me are highest worship, for through them only are all other acts performed.

The earth, the sea, the sky, are divine. Life is a continual miracle.

I recognize the difference between Noumenon and Phenomenon, and know that Diversity is but the mask of Unity; but whilst I am myself a Phenomenon, I will live true to Phenomena. I will not mourn that I cannot adjust the facts of the material world to the Laws of the Spiritual. I am content to know that each at last consists with the other, and that both are one in the Universal Order.

I recognize Appetite, Passion, Desire, Action, as attributes of Man in Time, which are not to be denied, but guided by Reason. Whilst I am here, in the realm of Phenomena, I will live true to them, and not accuse my life with continual

negations and suppressions. I am here to Live, not to Die: and Life is Action, not Repression.

When man has discovered the prime Secret of life, namely, that his nature is Spiritual and Universal, then first can he rightly live in the Phenomenal. If he abuse this Secret, by making of it a Doctrine, by dwelling in it abstractly, as some of the Hindus did, he forfeits his Power, and becomes a Nonentity. His life then is the chief illusion among all Illusions.

Air is the life of the body; but shall we stop breathing to contemplate that fact? Life for us exists only as we appropriate it through Action. When we cease to Act, we cease to exist.

This, then, is my World-philosophy, which I propose to live by, and to die by if that be necessary.

DIVINE LIFE.

I am sure that no son of God ever wrought in more divine elements than these by which we are surrounded here. I am sure that the miracles of Christ were no greater ones than these that we common mortals perform in our every-day tasks.

The forces that ally themselves with the work of the laborer today are the same that Christ commanded, the same that Moses wrought upon in his Egyptian marvels; and though the ends be

different, the power that uses them is ever the same.

Do not, O zealous preacher, separate these acts of common humanity from the realm of miracle! Do not say, Christ wrought miracles, but all other men perform common acts. All the acts of man are miracles.

Who can explain the simplest act of any man? A shovel full of dirt is composed of most wondrous potencies. These atoms vibrate to unseen and unknown forces. The forces of the stars play upon them; gravity, saturating all the infinite spaces, saturates this dirt also, and binds it to the distant stars; love and hate play among these atoms; attraction and repulsion; they are Alive and Conscious; they know their place, and keep it; they obey the word of Creative Life, and rise to clothe the Thoughts of God in beauty. They play at transformation constantly, and take now one form, now another; and they form in the course of the circling ages the countless masks worn by the ever-changing Spirit of Life. One endless flux, one never-ceasing round of change, engages them. Who shall say that they are common and cheap? Who shall scorn them, in their humblest form? They are Divine. Let us handle them with reverence.

It is our blindness that makes the world com-

mon, and our life cheap and uninteresting. It is our ignorance that leads us to place divinity elsewhere, to think of God as afar off, in some other world, any other than this in which we now dwell.

God (that is but one name for it) is the Spirit that is in all things, in every place; and it is revealed only by this spiritual perception. The perception of the ancient seer can not reveal God to us of today. We may or may not believe their report; the fact remains that we must see God with our own eyes before we can know that He exists.

Books do not reveal God. They only record the revelations which other men enjoyed, through their vision; and if we would know that God Is, we must see Him as these other illumined men saw Him.

What we commonly call belief in God is only belief in a tradition. We hear that Moses saw God, that Jesus knew Him, and we accept these reports, in the faith of our simple hearts. But we do not thus believe in God.

The true aim of religion is not to teach men that God revealed Himself to Moses, or some other man of old; but to show how they may see Him for themselves today. When we ourselves have seen God, we can very well spare the vision of Moses. We are not then deeply concerned to

know whether Moses really saw Him. We do not care whether Moses was a man or a tradition; whether Christ Jesus was a person or an ideal; for we have now gained through our own faculties what these men are supposed to reveal unto us.

Thus the true Bible is life itself,—the sincere, earnest, illumined life, in which man dwells constantly with the Divine Spirit, and reads the revelations of Its presence in all the forms of nature.

There are other worlds in this universe, other lives for man; but there is no world in which God dwells more truly than in this one, and no life in which the soul can know God by methods different from those by which He is known here and now. We think, or are told, that when we go to heaven, we shall see God. But if we see Him anywhere in this universe, it will be through that spiritual perception which is ours to use here and now.

When we truly see and know God, science can never take our knowledge from us. Then, the more we know of nature, the more we shall see of God. Every truth of science then becomes a revelation. Science may well deny the doctrines of God which the church too often teaches; but the work of true science is a never-ending un-

veiling of God; a ceaseless revealing of His Presence in the world.

Science does not speak of God in the language of the Church, and so the Church does not understand her; but the Church must learn the language of science. Then she will understand the gospel of Nature, and find a tongue in every tree, a book in every running brook, telling of the God whose Spirit is the Life in all living things.

What we need to save us from atheism is not a better theology, but a better perception; a perception to which God is as patent as the light of day; by which we live in the Divine Presence, and feel that Holy Spirit which has inspired all true Scriptures in the past. We ask the Church for God, and she points to the past. She should point to the present.

MIRACLES OF MAN.

Yesterday I saw the huge engines at the city water works. Here is the mighty heart which sends the blood of the great city pulsing through its arteries. Like the revolution of a planet is the mighty wheel in its ceaseless motion. Here are Miracles! Men prate of ancient miracles, and think this age profane. Never before were such Miracles!

Here is a Church. Here is Holy Water, to

bless the people. Yon sooty engineer is the High Priest in this temple of Man. Look, ye worshippers of musty traditions, ye backward-lookers toward tombs and sepulchres, here is a Living Deity! The Fire-gods are here, roaring in yonder furnaces. The Water-gods are here, sporting in their native element. Here are occult powers, gods and demons of old Chaos, bound Sampson-like to turn the mills of men.

Who would see Miracles? Let him enter here and look. The "Son of God" could not work such Miracles! The world needed these Miracles. The Silence spoke not. Jesus came, suffered, disappeared; but squalor and want remained. Jesus spoke words. *These* men have done great deeds.

In this Church there is no creed, no liturgy; but Works. The world has had faith, but faith without Works is dead. By such Works shall Man be saved, not by faith alone. Yet still the masses worship the musty miracles of old.

Look at these wondrous engines, ye foolish worshippers! Did your "saviour" make such things? You say he could turn water into wine. Here is your Water-Miracle! This gives drink to a City. And did not God make these wondrous engines? Yea, verily. God made them; for what God is there but this that works

and speaks in Man? This is the God that made and maketh all things; worlds, trees, beasts, men, and the works of men.

I speak not in parables, to astonish and confuse. I speak plain words, to enlighten men. This wondrous engine is part of the moving Universe. It is one with the Machinery of the Stars. The same Intelligence produced this which produced sun and moon. I will not worship *your* god, my zealous brother, for he is a poor, impotent thing sitting in abject idleness on a distant throne. My God is Alive in all things that live and act. I cannot go from His Presence, nor escape the sound of His Voice. I hear it in the hum of wheels, in the puffing of great engines, in the sound of winds and waters, in the notes of birds, in the voice of man. Your god has been silent these hundreds of years. If he is alive, let him speak. If he is not impotent, let him do something to help his children. Keep silence, brother; if god is alive, he can make himself known. He does not need your apologies.

Do you not see that you are merely drawing the people's attention to yourself? The god you speak of is a myth to them. You cannot prove his existence by words. Point to his works. What are these? Are they some ancient miracles? Who, or what, then, is working these

Miracles of today? What makes the grass grow, the flowers blossom? What makes the egg hatch, and the mother bring forth her young? What makes the seed germinate, and the corn grow?

Ah, my brother, you do not know? Then cease your chatter about "god." Pore no more over musty books, seeking a record of what some other has seen and known of God. Look around you, and you shall see God for yourself. Then you can speak as one having authority, and not merely as the scribes.

This is the Gospel not of prayers, not of psalm-tunes and muttered words merely, but of Work. He who works, shall preach this Gospel. He who invents, creates, controls, shall be an apostle of this Gospel. His intimate relation to *this* God, the indwelling of this God in him, shall be shown by the works he does. The miracles of old Gospels shall be but vain and startling magic-shows, compared with the miracles of these modern Sons of God. These are your real miracles, —these wondrous engines, machines, inventions. Watt, Stephenson, Morse, Edison, Bell,—these, and their like, are your true workers of miracles. *Their* miracles are permanent. *Their* gift indeed descends to their disciples, and to all posterity.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

What husband has forgotten the soft tones with which he wooed and won his maiden love? He would no sooner have wounded her tender heart with cold and cruel words than he would have smitten her blushing cheek with his clenched hand.

The warbling of robins and blue birds, the soft cooing of doves, are harsh beside the thrilling tones of the lover's voice, uttering the affections of his heart. Why should the voice ever lose those musical tones, and acquire the harsh growl of the tiger?

The red bow of the lips should never shoot the fire-tipped arrows of hate and wrath, but only the rose-wreathed darts of love.

Listen to the young mother singing her lullaby over the cradle of her first-born. Like ripples of joy upon a sea of peace the notes of her song float out upon the air, and the spirit of the babe is lulled into happy rest. No song of angels before the dread Jehovah's throne was ever half so beautiful and sweet as the song of a mother singing to her child. The golden harps of heaven might well be used to sound an accompaniment to such a song.

But why should this divine, angelic music ever

die out of the mother's voice? Why should it not sound forever new and sweet in the ears of the child, the youth, the growing man?

Why should the harsh hand of passion ever smite the golden chords of the heart, and change the harmonies of love into the discordant notes of anger? Is this high music of love too fine for earth, that it should so soon die out of human souls? Must we wait for heaven to fill our souls with that sweet music? Why may we not fill the earth with this divine melody, so that human life everywhere shall harmonize with the soft notes of birds, the rustle of winds through leafy boughs, and the chiming music of waves upon the beach?

The lark and the mocking bird daily set the pitch for us, to which our voices should be tuned; but alas! we heed them not.

The stars look down on us to admonish us that there is music among the spheres, tho' earth's air be filled with discords. The stellar spaces are full of music, tho' our souls be empty of it.

Among the glad harmonies of Creation, that have rolled thro' time and eternity, the song of the human soul should be the gladdest and sweetest of all. Man should be a pipe for the spirit of the Most High to breath its melodies on and through. Let us often affirm this truth, and lis-

ten for the earthly echoes of that celestial music, and the air of earth shall be laden with harmony. Divine voices shall speak and sing to us, and we shall know that Life is one with Joy.

FROM "SOCIAL LAWS."

The following paragraphs are selected, almost at random, from SOCIAL LAWS, a new and timely book by Solon Lauer, author of "Mark Hanna, a Sketch From Life; and other Essays;" "Life and Light from Above;" etc., etc. Nike Publishing House, Cleveland, O.

THE SPIRIT OF ANARCHY.

Though there are comparatively few persons in the United States who are painfully poor, there are probably several millions who think themselves so. They compare their possessions with the possessions of the wealthy, and their envy is aroused. They forget that wealth is not the only thing unequally distributed in this world; that power, health, wisdom, talent, virtue are also distributed with most emphatic partiality. They see this inequality of wealth, and, inflamed by the incendiary appeals of "reformers," they begin to complain, and to covet the wealth of their more fortunate neighbors.

"This belongs to us! It has been stolen from us by these robbers! It is right for us to seize it, to reclaim it!"

The conservative socialist advises to reclaim it by legislation; the anarchist, by force.

"Voting is an illusion," says the anarchist; and at last the people are convinced. Then torch and musket, bomb and cannon, perform what ballots could not do; and the hell of revolution is at hand.

BANISH VIOLENCE.

The guarantee of better times for you, my friends, is in no manner of legislating, no sort of instituted socialism; but in the eternal Laws, which rule all things. These Laws will befriend you, if you get yourselves upon their side. *Put away torches, muskets, bombs; burn your inflammatory papers, which do but bring the fires of hell into your hearts and homes; send your loud-mouthed orators to Africa, where, amid desert sands, they may harangue and mutually devour one another, to* YOUR *relief and eternal salvation;* and then do you begin to practice industry, economy, temperance, virtue, patience. Before you know it, the Kingdom has arrived.

I love you all, my brothers, but I will not flatter you. I will not join in your savage outcry against capital. I know your sorrows, for I have suffered most of them. I know the pinching grasp of poverty. I know what it is to labor and to wait. I know there are unworthy rich,—fools, sensualists,—clad in gay apparel, and dwelling in fine houses, feeding on the very essence of the

world's products, but rendering to mankind nothing in return; slothful and vicious persons, living upon their patrimony, while you must earn your daily bread by the distillation of your very blood. I know that hunger and disease, poverty and squalor, stalk abroad in this great land of ours, and flaunt their rags in the very faces of these luxurious fops. *But shall we, because of these things, shriek at Fate, curse Government, imprecate Capitalists, cry "Burn! kill! destroy?"*

THE GOOD DESTINY.

Slowly the methods of industry are perfecting, *not* through mad shouting of orators or fierce scribbling of editors; but *through the experience of business men themselves.* Not these loud brawlers, not these wild-eyed scribblers, not these incendiary and bomb-armed anarchists shall bring about the consummation devoutly to be wished; but these very Capitalists, these Ogres, these Demons, these Cut-throat Robbers, these Carcasses whom you revile, *they* are to be your saviours. Crucify them not. Ye know not what ye would do! They are not gods, they are not saints; we will grant, if you please, that many of them are selfish, cruel, hard, Egyptian task-masters; yet through such means doth the Destiny that rules the world work out its intended Good to all.

THE MONOPOLY OF GENIUS.

The gifts of genius can never be distributed by laws. *Anarchy may destroy, but can never distribute them.* Who gave Shakespeare his dramatic genius? Imagine a company of his contemporaries rising up, and with endless discordant clamor demanding an equal distribution of his gifts!

"Down with Shakespeare! He has absorbed the wit and fancy of a whole generation into his ponderous brain! *We* are poor. Our wits are lean. With all our scratching, of heads and pens, we write no Hamlet, no Macbeth. All laurels are laid at his feet. We get none at all. He is a Monopolist; a tyrant of the empire of Intellect. Let us abolish him, that we may all be Shakespeares!"

"You caricature our arguments," protests the socialist; "this is manifest absurdity and madness!"

Ah! The *reductio ad absurdum! Not more absurd is this demand, that the gifts of literary and musical genius should be equally distributed, than the demand which socialism makes, that the gifts of commercial genius shall be made common to all men.*

To be sure, we do not hear these Higher Things so clamored for! The wisdom of a Socrates, the virtue of a Jesus, the genius of a Bee-

thoven, a Raphael, a Shakespeare, we do not cry out for, and demand the distribution of! Well for us were it if these things might become common! The race sadly needs these things; but it cries out only for lower things!

All genius is one. The power to organize and conduct vast industries is as much a gift of nature as is the power to write great dramas, or compose sublime symphonies. Though it wreak itself upon things rather than thoughts, it is yet Genius; incommunicable, undistributable, above legislation, above mobs. Envy may reach at it, but can never grasp it. Hate may destroy it, but can never share it. Because it is Power, it will forever rule, in selfishness or love.

THE POOR MAN'S AGE.

All the institutions of the state and modern city exist to the advantage of the poor man, but are supported chiefly by the middle and upper classes. The man who owns no foot of land walks over the city's well-paved streets, enjoys its parks, its public libraries, its free lectures, and other beneficent institutions, though he pays no dollar to support them. *It is the poor man's age. Never before was the poor man so rich a man; never before did he enjoy so many benefits for which he does not pay; never before could he buy so many useful and beautiful things for his dollar;* and yet,

on every hand rises the cry, "The poor man is oppressed, is robbed, is enslaved to cruel masters!" On every side rise up blatant "reformers," inciting these "poor men" to riot, revenge, and robbery.

WAGES FOR BRAIN WORKERS.

Shall business managers, in that socialistic golden age, manage business for fun?

"They shall have a salary."

Are not wages, my brother, for boss and workman alike, regulated by the law of supply and demand? When you can get these business managers on better terms, by all means get them. What hinders that you get them *now?* Ah! They are scarce, and come high! There are a million moulders or pork-packers to one Carnegie or Armour. These latter, then, must have good pay. Are they not worth their price? They do not compel us to pay them these high wages. We pay because their services are cheap at the price. *A Paderewski is not protected by laws or trusts; he enters into no conspiracy with other musicians to force up the price of tickets. Yet he grows rich on the voluntary tributes of the people who go to his recitals. Genius of any sort is at last worth the highest price the world will pay for its services.* Shall Paderewski hire himself to a socialistic community of music-lovers, to

play to them on a small salary? Until Paderewskis are more common can any socialism bring down their wages to the price of a street-organ grinder?

THE DUCK WITH ONE DUCKLING.

There is in these days of quacks one species of quacking which is especially loud and clamorous; namely, the quacking of the Duck with the single Duckling. "Quack, quack; quick, quick; see my duckling; see my fine duckling! Here is your saviour, all ye ducks that have no duck-pond; all ye ducks that have not corn enough; quack, quack: quick, quick!"

And at the sound of this quacking all bereaved and complaining ducks waddle quickly to see this young messiah, who is to restore all duck-ponds to their original owners, the Ducks! With great clamor and flapping of wings, with much stretching of necks and gaping of bills, these pondless ducks gather round the proud mother-duck, who straightway, with such oracular gabblings as have never before been heard in all Duckdom, proceeds to show how this her young offspring, hatched from an egg of her own laying, shall lead all ducks to water, which shall be thenceforth theirs, *theirs,* to paddle in forevermore! If any unfeathered biped shall thenceforth want this water, to sail his ships on, or to turn his turbine

wheels, he shall pay huge tribute to these Ducks, whose occupancy gives this water all its worth! All expense of Duckdom—coops, corn, repairs of pond—shall be paid out of this tribute money. Thus shall all Ducks be happy and prosperous, and enabled, with protruding crops and well-brushed, wiggling tail-feathers, to waddle about quacking-out their contentment as Ducks were ordained to do by the Creator of all Ducks!

LAND WINNERS AND LAND OWNERS.

"The land belongs to the people!" exclaim all socialists, whether they swear "by George" or "by Jove."

And who are the people? we must ask again. The people! Is this some fanciful, airy race, floating over our real and actual race, like the gods of old Greece? Now it appears, now it is gone! Brother, it is a word used to juggle with! There is no such *"people!"* There are individuals, —men—strong, hairy, laboring and thinking men —with hearts of flesh, and hot red blood in their veins; with brains, more or less, in their round, bony skulls; but this "people" is a myth. Who chop the trees, grub the brush, burn off the native growth and plough up the wild land? Is it the "people?" No, brother, this work is done by certain *men,* of strong, brawny frame, of brave, stout-beating heart. They do indeed *own*

this land; they win it, not from mere wild Indians, but from wild Nature herself, by a valor greater than that of armed soldiers. Shall they not hold this land as theirs, bequeath it to their children, sell it to other men, or do with it as we all do with our own?

While lands and lords exist there will be landlords. See how your magic works its own defeat. You tax John Smith, landlord. Does John Smith pay this tax? Not a penny of it, not a penny of it, my man. The merchant who has his store on this lot, does he pay this tax? Not a penny of it. To be sure, Smith the landlord hands this money to the tax-collector; Brown the merchant hands the like amount to Smith; but where does Brown get it? From the added prices of his goods. Who then pays this tax? Not Smith nor Brown, but the dear people! Verily, the dear people, my man!

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

Every new machine has been met with mingled blessings and curses. There are those today who denounce machinery; who would destroy it all, in the supposed interests of manual workers, and send the human race back to semi-barbarism. Not so is the hand of progress moved forward upon the dial of human life. *The principle of economy of production is a safe and good prin-*

ciple, wherever it is applied; whether through machinery or through industrial organization. It means at last, if not at first, better and cheaper products for all the sons of men.

If laborers are free to combine, in the interests of higher wages, why may not capitalists unite, even in the interests of higher prices? If we are to prohibit the latter by law, why not the former?

NATURAL ARISTOCRACY.

We want no mere mob rule in America. Let Kings rule, as is their natural right. The value of our Institutions consists in this, that they permit the true King, the natural ruler, to reach and ascend his rightful throne.

We must not flatter the mob, more than the monopolist. Let our speech be such as can be heard by both, even though acceptable to neither. It is not popular to defend the Capitalist. I do not say he should always be defended; but he should have justice done him—he should have his case fairly stated.

These men exist from Nature, not from our industrial institutions. They rule because they are born to do so. *Sceptres belong to those who can wield them, not to those whose palms itch for them.* Though these men were all killed, Nature would send more such to rule the masses. *These frogs need a king, though not one that*

shall eat them up. No frog can rule the frogs, though he puff himself never so big. Under whatever disguise, we find that Power rules.

SATAN'S WILES.

Poor man, I know that often the tears of sorrow dim thine eyes; that often the dust and smoke of the factory dim them, so thou canst not see the truth. Thou canst not see and understand these Laws that rule thee over thy head. Thou art engaged in tasks. Thou hearest the cry of thy desires, and the desires of thy loved ones. Thou seest rich men eating and drinking what thy poverty has denied to thee. Thou seest them in fine houses, rich apparel, which thou canst not attain. Is it to be wondered at that thou listenest to the voice of the tempter, the cry of the "reformer," who promises thee all these fine kingdoms of the earth if thou wilt but worship him? I say unto thee, my friend, bid him sternly get behind thee.

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